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AN APRIL FOOL.

I.

I SALLIED afield when the bud first swells,
And the sun first slanteth hotly,
And I came on a yokel in cap and bells,
And a suit of saffron motley.

II.

He was squat on a bank where a self-taught stream,
Fingering flint and pebble,
Was playing in tune to the yaffel's scream,
And the shake of the throstle's treble.

III.

"Now, who may you be?" I asked, "and where
Do you look for your meals and pillow?"
"My roof," he said, "is the spacious air,
And my curtain the waving willow.

IV.

"My meal is a shive of the miller's loaf,
And hunger the grace that blesses:
'Tis banquet enough for a village oaf,
With a handful of fresh green cresses.

V.

"A plague on your feasts where the dish goes round,
Though I know where the truffles burrow,
And the plover's eggs may, in fours, be found,
In the folds of the pleated furrow.

VI.

"And my name? O, I am an April Fool,
So yclept in the hamlet yonder;
For when old and young are at work or school,
I sit on a stile and ponder.

VII.

"I gather the yellow weasel-snout,
As I wander the woods at random,
Or I stoop stone-still, and tickle the trout,
And at times, for a lark, I land 'em.

VIII.

"But I flick them back ere they gape and pant,
After gazing at gill and speckle.
For why should I keep what I do not want,
Who can fish without hook or heckle?

IX.

"Yes, I am an April Fool: confessed!
And my pate grows not wise for scratching;
But I know where the kingfisher drills his nest,
And the long-tailed tits are hatching."

X.

Then he leaped to his feet, and he shook his bells,
And they jangled all together,
As blithe as the chime that swings and swells
For the joy of a nuptial tether.

XI.

And, as they chimed, from the covert near
Where ripens the juicy whortle,

The rustling whisper reached my ear
Of a loitering maiden's kirtle.

XII.

Whereat he laughed : " I'm an April Fool,
But am jocund withal and jolly,
So long as I have this realm to rule,
And a lass to love my folly.

XIII.

" Go and woo, where the deftly fair parade,
The smiles of a fine court lady ;
But I will cuddle my rustic maid,
In the pheasant-drives husht and shady.

XIV.

" Her cheek is as creamy as milk in June,
And the winds nor chap nor warp it ;
We dance, with the blackbird to give the tune,
And with primroses for carpet.

XV.

" Her quick-flashing fingers knit the hose
For her little feet neat and nimble ;
Her kiss is as sweet as a half-shut rose,
And her laugh like a silver cymbal.

XVI.

" She never asks how my fortunes fare,
Nor wonders how full my purse is ;
She sits on my knee, and she strokes my hair,
And I tell her my wildwood verses.

XVII.

" She has not a gem she can call her own,
But I rest on a sheepfold hurdle,
And, out of the daffodils newly blown,
Entwine her a golden girdle.

XVIII.

"And soon I shall have for my nut-sweet girl,
When the May boughs are adorning
Their weather-tanned skin with rows of pearl,
A new necklace, night and morning.

XIX.

"When shortly we catch the cuckoo's call,
We shall clap our hands to hear him;
For, let whom they may his gibes appal,
This April Fool don't fear him."

XX.

Then a wind-cloud, hued like a ringdove's neck,
Made the rain run helter-skelter;
The keen drops pattered on bank and beck,
And I crouched in the ditch for shelter.

XXI.

But he whistled his love, and he waved his cap,
And the bells all rang together.
"Just fancy!" he cried, "to care one rap
For the whims of wind or weather!

XXII.

"Through all the seasons I keep my youth,
Which is more than you town-folk do, sir.
Now, which is the April Fool, in sooth?
Do you think it is I,—or you, sir?"

XXIII.

Then the rain ceased slashing on branch and pool,
And swift came the sunshine, after;
And the thrush and the yaffel screamed, "April Fool!"
And the covert rang with laughter.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LABOUR COMMISSION AND ITS DUTIES.

AN ever increasing number of persons are urging the necessity for a very much larger staff in the Labour Department of the Board of Trade than we at present have. In proportion to the staff undoubtedly good work is done, but that comprehensive collection of information of the ever changing relationship between workers and employers, which all who are called upon to deal in detail with Labour matters know to be so essential, is seriously lacking. A Ministry for Labour is wanted, and at once.

That the Government should not have long ago recognised the desirability of making the Labour Department a much more serviceable institution than it has yet become does not speak well for its foresight. Observers of the laws that control the human mind ought surely to have expected that the result of the Education Act and the Factory Acts, coupled with the extension of labour organisations on one side, and the march of invention and development of science on the other, was certain to shake some of the old ideas of "rest and be thankful" to their foundations; and a wise Government should long ago have provided machinery capable of guiding, if not controlling, the conflicting tendencies certain to arise. The Labour Department should be far and away the most important of all Governmental Departments, and ere long we may hope that steps will be taken to properly extend its present scope and usefulness.

Meanwhile, we may surely welcome a Royal Commission that shall do, with much difficulty and very imperfectly, what ought to be done daily with comparative ease. If we cannot have the Department, let us make use of the Commission as an acceptable

makeshift till the eyes of the country are clearly open to the fact that the permanent Ministry is required.

Those workers who are suspicious of its probable usefulness because appointed by a Tory Government can scarcely have learned the lesson that the interests of Labour are far above political partisanship, and that the cause of Labour may occasionally be served even by "parties" from "party" motives; and it need not concern the workers which political section now and again take the initiative, providing they are sensible enough to make the most use of it. And even the political partisan should be content for the Government to have every chance of doing something of advantage to the Labour cause, if from no higher motive than that he may the more vigorously denounce it if the Government should not make good use of its chances. It is, unfortunately, too true that previous Commissions have been of but little avail. Important information has been obtained and tabulated, and some sensible recommendations have been submitted by the Commissioners, but in very few instances indeed have they been acted upon. We may at least expect that the proposed Commission will render service by collecting information, and it will be for the community to insist that a right use be made of it when obtained.

But what should be the scope of the Commission? Not merely the orthodox business of questioning a few workmen and employers as to the causes of labour disputes, or the affording an opportunity for cranks and fanatics to air their pet theories, although this latter certainly should be done to some extent for the purpose of showing their absurdity. During the past two or three years many men have seriously set themselves the task of thinking out some plan or plans that shall afford the means of adjusting labour difficulties without the resort to strikes and lock-outs. The Commission should consult the more competent of these and see whether or not they could recommend the establishment of a Board of permanent Commissioners, whose duties should be to inquire into the causes of every dispute, making it a condition that work shall be resumed pending the inquiry; every fact, when obtained, to be published to the world. The effect of this here, as in America, would be to materially reduce the number of conflicts.

How far such Commissioners should advise a closing of the dispute and how far their decisions should be backed up by law, are questions that require most careful deliberation. For myself, as one who has been engaged in numerous disputes, I am distinctly of opinion that such a Board would prove very serviceable. Such Commissioners would not necessarily supercede boards of arbitration and conciliation established under purely voluntary conditions between workers and capitalists.

Among the inquiries of the Royal Commission should be that of ascertaining how far sliding scales have proved of value to both sides—employers and workers. These institutions appear to be of doubtful advantage, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, representing 150,000 men, refusing to make use of them, whilst, on the other hand, the South Wales and Monmouthshire Miners' Federation, representing some 45,000, appear to value them highly, whilst, again, in Northumberland and Durham they would appear to be nominally but not actually recognised.

Of course the real work of the Royal Commission should be to clearly set forth the most practical methods of steadying any employment: no amount of sympathy, however finely expressed, will be of value. Practical proposals for enabling workers to procure a regular income, this, or the nearest possible approach to this is what is wanted. Labour struggles are taking place with increasing frequency all over the country, directly because incomes are insecure. Constant employment in order to ensure continuity of income is what is required. This is the one burden of our complaint: regular work with regular wages, in order that food, clothing, and other commodities shall be always procurable; and a Commission made up of persons who believe this impossible had better not sit. The incongruities of to-day are prodigious. Government statistics show railwaymen and others to be working sixteen hours a day and other men not working at all. To-day at least 800,000 men are out of employment, and yet others are working 100 to 130 hours a week for ordinary wages. The Royal Commission must point out the most practical way of altering this. If it is in the best interests of the country that one-thirteenth of the adult males should be constantly out of work, let the Commissioners show how this is so;

and if it is not to the country's advantage they will be expected to point out the remedy.

To my mind, one of the vital questions to be dealt with is how to meet the exigencies of season trades and times of trade depression. The demands of season trades cause such a serious dislocation that in London alone many thousands of families are brought to the most abject poverty at certain periods of the year. Is this to the advantage of the country? Is it not preventable? Let the Royal Commission speak out.

As an instance of the bad effects on those engaged in season trades the following will serve as an illustration. In connection with the tea trade in London some 5,000 men are employed for eight months in the year, during which time they get only enough wages to keep the family in plain food, &c. From March to August four-fifths of these men are out of work; other trades do not give employment to them. Why should these men with their families be made to periodically suffer in this way? Again, the Baltic trade closes, and many hundreds of men have no work until it opens again with the spring. Like many thousands in the building trades they and their families actually starve during the slack period. Cannot a country like this make some better arrangement? For the well-fed to declare that these matters right themselves is but to feed the revolutionary qualities of even the most self-possessed of men. These things do not right themselves. The men, women, and children starve and die, and honest observers know it; better no Commission unless these questions are dealt with. Again, will the Commission point out some practical plan whereby the next period of industrial depression shall be tided over without the customary squalor and suffering? If it is true that wealth consists of food and clothing and furniture, &c., and that these things are produced by labour from the raw material, and that in times of depression the raw material exists in abundance, and tools exist in abundance, and mental and manual capacity to use these tools on the raw material exist in abundance, will the Royal Commission make it their business to tell us why this capacity, these tools, and this raw material should not be brought together, resulting in the production of food and other necessities for all? For these are questions which

vitally affect the well-being of the workers, and if the Commission is to be appointed in their interests these vital questions must be dealt with.

The strong probability is that this will be shirked, and the Commission will escape its real responsibility by making some plausible statement as to the desirability of reducing working hours. We of the workers know how desirable it is that working hours should be reduced; very many are satisfied that an eight-hour day is more than enough. But attention to this alone will not settle the question; steady incomes for statesmen, parsons, military men, naval men, &c., are thoroughly approved by the workers, but they claim steady incomes for themselves too, and if the Commission slides off without clearly pointing out the way to secure steady incomes for workmen, or proves to demonstration that such a thing is impossible, then many of the workers will be of opinion that the more weighty matters have been shirked, either through fearing to face the facts, or incompetency to deal with them.

One matter I would specially emphasise, and that is with relation to the East of London, where we have four dock companies, and over 150 wharves with innumerable methods of conducting operations. So complex are the conditions of employment, so changeable are the tactics of the directors and proprietors, that it is difficult to find a week pass over without some labour difficulty cropping up, due to the lack of system that prevails among the responsible employers; and as there are 70,000 men employed in the port it is a matter of constant danger to the whole of the port industries to have this changeableness on the part of the employers, due largely to competition between each other, and due also to incompetency to conduct so varied a trade without something like uniformity. The Royal Commission might, therefore, with much advantage to the community, whose interests are closely identified with the work of the port, exhaustively inquire into the working of those docks which are under municipal or public control, with a view to seeing whether or not municipal control might not with advantage be applied to the docks and wharves of London.

Indeed, the shipping trade requires practically a Commission to

itself, so numerous are the grievances under which men work. It is a shameful thing that there should be no law as to the manning of vessels in a competent manner. The present law is positively ludicrous, admitting of ships sailing with less than half the number of able seamen requisite for the safety of the vessel.

The Commission should also give attention to a matter that is of the utmost importance to riverside and dock workers, viz., the excessive liability to accident incurred by stevedores and dock labourers while loading and discharging vessels. In 1888 the *Lancet* instituted a special inquiry into the dangers attending labour in the docks, and after taking evidence from stevedores, dock labourers, hospital surgeons, and others, reported that in the course of five years' work quite 50 per cent. of the men would suffer some accident. It is true this estimate does not coincide with the figures produced by Colonel Martindale and others before the Sweating Commission, but if it were 10 per cent. instead of 50 the state of affairs would be grave enough to call for immediate attention, and, if possible, for equally prompt remedy. And seeing that very many of these casualties are due to the defective gear rigged aboard ship for loading and discharging purposes, while others are due to lack of proper supervision of machinery employed at docks, it is quite time that the scope of the Factories Act was so extended as to include the proper supervision of gear and machinery employed on vessels in port, and on wharves, docks, warehouses, &c. The preventive tendency of the Employers' Liability Act is not sufficient to stop the universal negligence to which accidents can often be traced. This leads to the question of the dearth of inspectors for the work required to be done. Competent men, who can judge at a glance as to the fitness of machinery, gear, scaffolding, &c., are required in much larger numbers if real inspectorship is to be carried out.

The question of the control of factory inspectors requires further attention, as to whether it would not be well to leave the matter largely with the local authorities who are at present responsible for sanitary inspection, or whether the general supervision of the health and safety of the workers should not be placed under one central body such as a Ministry of Industry.

At present such confusion exists as to the enforcing of recommendations that the value of previous Commissions and Select Committees has been largely nullified. It is bewildering to have the Home Office responsible in some instances, the Board of Trade in others, the Local Government Board and Municipal authorities in others, resulting in confusion and dismay. Labour matters should be dealt with by one responsible authority, who should properly direct the energies of officialdom through the most effective channels.

The question of raising the age at which boys should be allowed to commence work requires further attention. The mere passing of a standard of book knowledge is not sufficient ; for full timers the age of fifteen years should, in my opinion, be fixed, no matter what standard they had passed, and for half timers thirteen years.

The condition of the agricultural labourers must also be dealt with. It is true Select Committees have sat and reported upon the advantages of small holdings, and that a Bill is now before the House of Commons to enable labourers to obtain small holdings by the payment of one-fourth of the value and interest upon the remainder, but land is of small value unless there is some capital with which to work it, and to call upon labourers to pay one-fourth of the value as well as to provide capital to work it is ludicrous. It is true that a small section of farm labourers have, by means of an allotment, been able to supplement their wages so that they have a few pounds by them, but the great army of them, some 750,000 in number, have had no such luck. They are getting a wage varying from 9s. a week in the worst paid counties to 18s. in the best. What can be saved out of 13s. 6d. a week, and all lost time through bad weather deducted out of this ? During the month of March cases were brought before my own notice in Lincolnshire where men had walked three consecutive days five miles each way to get work, and only secured one day's work out of the three, for which they received 2s.

What these men want are easily obtained allotments at fair rents with fixity of tenure. Ten millions of acres of cultivable land is lying idle in Britain ; thousands of willing labourers with agricultural knowledge would be glad to get at this and produce much of

that we now import from abroad. Let the Royal Commission report upon the futility of the present Allotments Act as passed in 1887, and amended in 1889; let it be made clear by the labourers how unfairly they are handicapped by having to pay such excessive rents that it is next to impossible for them to cultivate allotments with advantage.

In the few instances where labourers have been successful in getting allotments by voluntary arrangement with the farmers they have proved beyond any doubt that an extension of allotments is the right direction in which to travel. By proper cultivation, land under the allotment system is producing as much as 50 per cent. more than similar land in the same neighbourhood under the farmers. May not the Commission fitly inquire into the cause of farmers producing only three and a half quarters of wheat per acre, while labourers make similar land, properly worked, produce six quarters per acre? A general impression prevails that farming in this country does not pay and cannot be made to pay. Let us have from the Commission not only a clearly expressed opinion as to the fairness of the landlords taking £60,000,000 a year from the land, but also let us know whether the present method of cultivation adopted by farmers is the correct one. It is admitted that some farmers are making the most of the land; but these are not the ones who complain that farming cannot be made to pay. But it is contended by those who know the facts that in the vast majority of instances the land is labour-starved. Four men only are employed where six men are required; the result is improper cultivation, low wages, small profits, and playing into the hands of our foreign competitors. Is incompetency on the part of the majority of English farmers to be allowed to block our home food supply entirely? Is it not to the interest of the British community that an abundance of cereals, roots, fruit, and dairy produce should be produced in our own land; and is not the interest of the British community superior to that of the British farming community? If so, we may fairly claim from the Royal Commission that the country shall be told in plain terms that the land of England is capable of producing the food supply of England, and that, though we have yielded the palm for the best dairy produce to Denmark, yet the same

principles and methods so successfully adopted by Denmark are open to us for our adoption. If ever the *laissez faire* principle proved a terrible failure, of all instances this of farming is the most terrible. £100,000,000 a year is sent away to other countries for the purchase of foodstuffs by the people of these islands and our own food producers are permitted to starve. Such utter incompetency was surely never before exhibited ; it is sufficient to make every Britisher blush with shame at the very thought of it.

It is for the Commission to point out the quickest way to remedy this serious evil. It would appear to lie in the direction of at once extending the sphere of Local Government, so that District, Village, or Parish Councils shall be established all over the country, with power to compel the sale of land at proper market prices to the local authority, to be let by the local authority to the labourers as allotments and small holdings, at fair rents with fixity of tenure. The labourers have demonstrated their desire to get control of land ; they have proved their power to pay fair rents for the same, and to derive no small advantage for themselves and at the same time add materially to the food supply of the country. Although it does not appear to be generally recognised, it cannot be questioned that in this direction lies salvation for the masses of Britain's workers.

It is true that farmers are fearful of the consequences if the agricultural labourer should be placed in such a position that he will no longer be the hired slave, but if the farmers are wise they will recognise that slavery in this country must cease actually as well as nominally, and they will endeavour to at once establish those conditions that will admit of good development all round. In every agricultural district there should be established creameries, where competent butter-makers should be constantly employed with the best machinery obtainable. Technical education is indeed required. Farmers' wives and daughters of to-day learn to play pianos instead of learning how to make butter ; in very few places in England can good home-made butter be obtained. If farmers' daughters do not find the occupation genial, let the daughters of the labourers be taught, and they may be trusted to give a good account of themselves, if they get fairplay. It is not quite clear why we should import so many pigs

from Chicago when every requisite the pig requires can be produced in such abundance here ; and why we should continue to import the millions of eggs we do, when our own people would be glad to get the profits of fowl-keeping, is a matter that also requires clearing up. *Laissez faire* is shockingly faulty in these matters. We have waited and waited for home supply to meet the home demand, but the discrepancy still exists. The very fact that a Commission of inquiry should be established is an admission of this faultiness. We will therefore hope that tangible results will be the outcome.

One other matter should be cleared up, if possible, by the Commission, viz., how it comes about that in skilled trades the wages of workmen vary from 5 per cent. to 30 per cent. on the same class of trade. Thus engineers in London, who are not well paid for their work, get 39s. a week for fifty-four hours work, whilst in Leeds the same men will get only 30s. for the same work? Why should not the Leeds employer be called upon to pay as good a rate of wage as the London employer, or rather, a higher rate, remembering that he is so much nearer to the raw material. To say that the London workman's expenditure is so much higher than the Yorkshireman's does not settle the matter. If the productions of the Leeds and London firms go to the same market, ought not the Leeds firm to pay as high a rate as London? The Commission, no doubt, will help us.

The question of women's labour will surely receive due attention. However cold and unconcerned towards the female population the House of Commons and the Royal Commission may be, they surely will no longer turn a deaf ear to the terrible facts that still disgrace our country. The low wages and long hours which are the common lot of most women workers are, indeed, sufficient to make the blood boil with indignation. And as *laissez faire* men are willing to grant that Governmental interference is justifiable and necessary where women are concerned, and as the opponents of *laissez faire* are strongly urging the necessity for such interference, we will hope that the Commissioners will make such practical recommendations as will commend themselves to the general public, that the stigma may be removed of the shameful way in which working women are treated. Not only in manufacturing industries is this supervision

and control necessary, but also in distributive occupations. Shop assistants are still kept at counters for sixteen hours a day, and the health of thousands of young women is ruined in consequence, according to medical testimony. Respecting the textile trades, it has already been urged that the scope of the Commission should extend to India. The necessity for Factory Acts in our Indian dependency is recognised by employers and employed alike. Unless this is dealt with ere long, a burst of indignation will spread over the land which may not tell advantageously in the interests of a Government which had the opportunity to deal with the question in 1891 but would not.

Thus we ask that the Royal Commission shall collect information with a view to steadying employment, providing a remedy for those out of work, and dealing with the difficult questions of season trades and periods of trade depression.

And we ask that especial attention shall be given to the following points:—

1. The advisability of a permanent Board of Commissioners, who shall deal with labour disputes as they arise.

2. An exhaustive inquiry into the values of sliding scales as a means for regulating wages.

3. The necessity for a considerable increase in the number of factory inspectors—women and men—and the necessity for extending the scope of the Factory Acts.

4. To inquire into the working of docks under public control, with a view to recommending the municipalisation of the docks and wharves in London should public control commend itself.

5. The advisability of raising the age when children shall be allowed to commence work, both as half and full timers.

6. The necessity of establishing Village or Parish Councils, with a view to altering the land system of this country, so that our consumption of food shall be met by home production.

TOM MANN.

THE SCIENCE OF FICTION.

IN the following lines I will endeavour to explain the views I have formed upon the Art of Fiction during the twenty years I have practised that art. My first novel, which, thank Heaven, is still unpublished, dates from 1871, and was called, *Without God.* It was a very profound study of the connection between Atheism and emotion, for at that age we are not perplexed by any kind of doubt. In those days it would have given me infinitely less trouble than it does now to write this article. Like all beginners, I had a theory, complete in all its parts, upon the subject of romantic literature. Now I have merely tastes and hypotheses. I know well enough what I like in works of fiction, but I also know that I care nothing for many of those works which æsthetically are superior to others on which I dote. When we have reached this point it is awkward work to dogmatise seriously. Here, however, are some general observations which may at least serve as a contribution, as you say in England, to the discussion of the subject under consideration.

In the present day, when we speak of the Art of Fiction, we refer especially to the novel. For the last hundred years that kind of fiction has in fact absorbed all the others. Epic poetry has nearly disappeared. Theatrical productions go on diminishing in every country. Lyrical genius is rarely displayed. Novelists, good, bad, and indifferent swarm, on the other hand, in endless numbers, and their works multiply in every direction. For the modern novel admits of infinitely varied treatment and consequently attracts the most diversified minds, another sign of the vitality of this class of

writing. To confine myself merely to examples in France, whenever a writer distinguished in one branch of literature has turned to another, he has always gone to the novel. Benjamin Constant, the statesman, produces *Adolphe;* M. Taine, the philosopher, produces *Graindorgé;* Fromentin, the painter and historian of art, produces *Dominique;* Sainte-Beuve, the critic, produces *Volupté;* Jules Vallès, the revolutionary and pamphleteer, produces *Jacques Vengtras.* Poets like Hugo, Musset, Gautier, Lamartine, Vigny, also turned to the novel with a natural impulse when they wished to rest from poetry in prose, and *Les Miserables, L'Enfant du Siècle, La Morte Amoureuse, Graziella, Cinq-Mars,* show the marvellous flexibility of a form of literature in which intellects the most diversified move with complete freedom. If we add to the list of these occasional novelists the professional novelists, we find that in France alone three generations of writers have been engaged almost exclusively in this work without exhausting it. In one we find masters like Balzac, Stendhal, Georges Sand, Mérimée. In another, Flaubert, Octave Feuillet, the brothers Goncourt, shine out brilliantly. In the third we find writers of vigorous talent like Zola, Daudet, Maupassant, Loti. In work of this extent and this variety how are we to distinguish the common characteristic, that which while serving as a definition of the form, will at the same time allow, if possible, its most essential laws to be discerned?

This common characteristic exists, however, and thus, *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Adolphe, Madame Bovary* and *René,* despite the marvellous difference that exists between them, can yet be classed under the same name in a library. In every novel the primary condition is, that it must be an imaginative fragment of human life. Vague as this formula may appear, it suffices at once to distinguish romantic from historical literature. Confessions, memoirs, monographs, resemble novels. They are not novels for this simple reason, that the author has no need to prove to us the existence of his personages. We know them to be real, and he can relate the most contradictory, the most inconsistent, anecdotes about them, while the novelist who wishes his creations to appear real, which we know to be imaginary, is fettered by the logic of consistency. The actions and the sentiments of his personages must be not only

possible or probable, but *necessary*. This, without knowing it, is what we constantly recognise when, in speaking of some occurrence we have witnessed, we say: "It would not be believed if introduced into a novel." This very commonplace remark expresses one of the most indisputable and least known laws of the Art of Fiction. On the other hand, by the formula already given, the novel is distinguished from psychology pure and simple. La Bruyère in his *Caractères*, La Rochefoucauld in his *Maximes*, differ from the novelist merely by lacking this colour of life. They have observation, profound or comic touches, everything, indeed, except the power of painting human beings as they act or feel.

Yes, human beings, for the very word "life" is only an abstraction. Life has no existence in itself. Living creatures alone exist, and the faculty of the novelist is to create them. The Art of Fiction is, therefore, the art of imagining and depicting persons. Here we seem to have a principle capable of marking a line of separation between two classes of novelists. To delineate a character the writer may in fact employ two methods. The first consists in effacing himself behind his hero, so that his own impression does not influence the reader's; his own views are not mixed up with his narrative; he is like a watchmaker who has made a watch. Whether that watchmaker was merry or sad, fair or dark, young or old, the watch does not tell us. Its function is to tell the time. In the same manner the personages of the novel should, according to this method, come and go, live and breathe, without revealing anything respecting him who has thus manufactured them. Thus it is, say the partisans of this method, in the actual world. You meet a man in the train, at a *table d'hôte*, or in a drawing-room. This man speaks and acts before you; you judge him by his words and acts. It is for the novelist to present people to us in the same manner by their words and acts. This is somewhat pedantically called the objective system. Flaubert, Mérimée, Turguenieff have followed it in all its rigour. There is another method which consists in the writer explaining what his characters are while delineating them. He makes them act before us, and he comments upon their acts. He studies them, and he communicates to us the reflections thereby suggested. Stendhal, Georges Sand, Balzac proceed in this manner.

The novelists of the former school are generally very severe upon those of the latter, and the curious reader of discussions of this sort will find in the letters of Flaubert many pages devoted to this theory of impersonal art to which the author of *Madame Bovary* appears to have attached a deceptive importance. A little reflection is sufficient to show that in this there is only a mere wordy quibble which does not touch the root of the matter ; for on the one hand the novelists, the most fanatically devoted to this impersonal art, reveal themselves throughout their works by the choice of their subjects, by their manner of dealing with their characters, by their style—that undeniable confession of our feeling—by their accent in this or that episode. Their pretended effacement is, therefore, only a literary artifice, just as the subjectivity of the others does not prevent them, if they really see their characters, from bringing them before us in full relief; witness *Le Rouge et le Noir*, *La Petite Fadette*, or *François le Champi*, and all the works of Balzac. No other author has surrounded his heroes with more digressions, general ideas, commentaries ; no other author has created a world richer and more abounding in immortal types. It may be said, indeed, that notwithstanding the pretension of the objective novelists to a greater resemblance to reality, the method of the subjective novelists is more in conformity with what actually takes place in life. Every occurrence which is related implies a narrator who, in relating it, experiences certain emotions. It is only by design and by a voluntary effort that this narrator succeeds in dissimulating them. There is nothing more artificial, for instance, than the method employed by a novelist who is nevertheless a man of genius—I mean Tolstoi. It consists in constructing novels without any central character, under the pretext that the events of life succeed each other without coherence. He does not reflect that those events would not be the subject of a narrative if they were not known, and that they can only be known by the intellect which classifies them in becoming acquainted with them. Hence is derived that great principle which the classical masters have never disregarded, the subordination of the characters, and the central position given to one of them, from whose point of view all the others are seen.

If we wish to have a more exact classification of the novelists we should rather, it seems to me, group them according to the number and the choice of the personages they are capable of conceiving. Some do not know how to deal easily with several heroes, their dialogue consequently is weak, their action often imperfect; on the other hand, when they devote themselves to the study of the minutely diversified qualities of the human mind, they penetrate to its very depths. Just as the savant who places a tissue under the microscope perceives fibrils of infinite tenuity, so these novelists excel in resolving a passion into its cellular elements, as it were. They are akin to the psychologist but are distinguished from him by that vital faculty which enabled Benjamin Constant and Sainte-Beuve to create human beings and not abstractions. This first-named group is that of the analytical novelists. They have as antithesis the novelists of action and the novelists of manners. The last-named possess, on the other hand, the faculty of seeing many characters at once and of seeing them in movement. They are impressed by the human conflict around them, by the influence of will over will, or they note the analogies and the contrasts between individuals, their identity, or their divergence, according to their surroundings. They compose works of intrigue and dramas, or they paint social pictures. Both methods are attended by great dangers. The analytical novelists, intent as they are upon minute differences, often drift into the exceptional, into subtlety, and into mannerism. The novelists of action, intent, above all things, upon the interest of the story, are too apt to neglect causes. The novelists of manners, intent upon painting general habits, confine themselves only too frequently to the study of comonplace characters because they more closely resemble so many others, and express the ordinary triteness of daily life.

It sometimes happens, however, that the faculty of seeing far down into the depths of the human mind and the capacity for prolific creation are met with in the same writer. It is then that we have the superior novelist and that the Art of Fiction attains its most powerful form in the novel of character. It is distinguished from the analytical novel by admitting action, and from the novel of manners by its surroundings, especially affording the opportunity of offering resistance to those surroundings. It more closely resembles nature,

which causes the co-existence in us of the individual and the relative life, and results in that delineation of the individual in conflict with observances which enables types of character to be strongly drawn. For therein is the measure of our own energy. It is to the character novel that we owe *Gil Blas*, *Marianne*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, *Le Père Goriot*, *La Cousine Bette*, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, *Mauprat*, *Monsieur de Camors*—in a word, works which are the most thoughtful and the most vital of romantic literature. But this indisputable superiority ought not to render us unjust towards the less complete varieties of this class of writing. Though the analytical novel may only lend powerful aid to the exact science of the human mind, the novel of manners to history and legislation, the novel of intrigue to our mere amusement, they ought not to be disdained.

These few notes do not pretend to exhaust the subject. Whenever we touch these general æsthetical problems we feel that they include an infinite number of particular problems. How, for instance, is the historical novel, as treated by Flaubert in *Salammbô*, to be connected with the idyllic novel as conceived by Georges Sand in her Berri stories, and the novel of manners? What becomes of the analytical novel when it transforms itself into a novel with a purpose, or when it devotes itself to the study of morbid matters as in the queer stories of an Edgar Poe or a Hoffmann? In which nation has romantic literature most abundantly flourished, and why have the English, the Russians, and the French excelled in it, while the Germans and the Italians have merely followed at a distance? Of what development does it appear to be still capable, or does its apogee indicate the approach of its decline? These are unsettled questions which all deserve to be treated in minute detail. What a vast field a critic like Sainte-Beuve would have before him if he wished to write that *Histoire des Espèces Litteraires*, almost all of which remains to be traced, and which would be a history of the real modern Rhetoric.

PAUL BOURGET.

II.

IT was announced, the other day, that certain Americans were about to found a School for Fiction. The news furnished excellent material for the clever leader writer and the smart paragraph writer. We have heard nothing more about the proposal, and perhaps it was only invented by and for the latter, who is too often compelled in hard times to invent his news for himself. Still, when the epigrams of the leader writer and the scoffs of the paragraph writer had in some measure lost their force upon one's spirits, the proposal began to afford food for reflection. Even at the risk of drawing the barbed epigram from the subject to my own head, I venture to illustrate one or two aspects of the Science, or the Art, of Fiction by reference to this proposed School.

For, one begins to think, here is a very great and noble Art. It is an Art of which everything that has ever been said of painting, sculpture, music, and poetry, may also be said; whether of loveliness and grace, fidelity to nature, loftiness of ideal, power of moving the world to pity or to terror, to laughter or to tears, power to raise or to degrade the soul, power to advance or to lower humanity. And, like the sister Arts, it can only be practised by those who have the natural aptitude—I would rather call it genius, but the world will not allow the word to be used except of certain recognised men and women—mostly dead.

Next, not only is Fiction a great Art, but it is pursued, like the other Arts, as a profession by thousands. In every civilised country in the world there are many who work at fiction just as there are many who work at painting or at music. But for one person who can understand a good picture or a good piece of music, a landscape or a portrait well and truly painted, or a sonata well and truly played; for one who can catch the spirit of the picture or the spirit of the music, there are thousands who can seize on a good novel when they get one, can grasp its aim, rise to its situations, and

understand its characters. Let us fully realise this statement. Thousands of men and women are at work all day writing novels—men and women in Russia, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, America, Scandinavia, Holland, all working at this Art. Those who succeed, it is true, may be numbered by a few hundreds. In the same way the walls of the Salon, the Royal Academy, and all the galleries in the world are every year crowded with pictures—thousands upon thousands of pictures—yet the true painters, those who succeed, may be numbered by a few hundreds. Perhaps there are three hundred painters out of all the countries whose works are cherished by that part of the world which understands painting. Certainly there are not three hundred artists in fiction whose books are read by those who have any understanding of the Art—as an Art.

What educational encouragements or aids are provided for those who attempt this Art? None—absolutely none. The candidate is left wholly to himself. He must find out everything. The whole of the *technique* must be discovered by himself. It is as if we were to take the lad who cannot keep his fingers from the pencil and were to lock him up in a room with a white canvas, an easel, a palette, and a bundle of brushes and paints, and tell him to make himself a painter. Or it is as if we were to turn him loose in a gallery and let him learn by gazing upon the finished work what it was like in its unfinished stages. Or it is as if we were to place a young musician, whose fingers must still be running over the keys, in a room with a pianoforte in it and a pile of music, and tell him to find out for himself how to use the former and how to write the latter. Everyone acknowledges this absurdity applied to painting and music. When it is applied to Fiction no one perceives it. Why? Because the world does not believe or understand that Fiction is one of the Fine Arts. Again, for the other Fine Arts there are the encouragements and the teachings of criticism. I mean intelligent criticism, that is based on knowledge of the *technique* as well as an understanding of good work. No Art criticism, it seems to me, can possibly be of any value unless the critic understands the workmanship and knows the tools. What encouragement, what teaching can the young student in the Art of Fiction derive from the criticism

of his Art which appears in the journals day by day and week by week? None at all. Not the least. And this for the simple reason that the critics of Fiction do not understand, any more than the general public, that the thing they are reviewing is a work of Art, and because none of them have comprehended the simple fact that the canons of one Art may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to every other Art.

I am not one of those who entertain a blind animosity to reviewers. I do not picture them as a tribe of wolves lurking for their prey in anonymous shade, nor do I imagine a disappointed and envious crowd, longing for an opportunity to backbite and to slander. Quite the contrary. Reviewers, I have always found, are human creatures —men and women. Therefore they are good or bad, kindly or spiteful, conscientious or unscrupulous, truthful or false. Mostly, thanks, perhaps, to the control and the choice of the editor, they incline to the better qualities. That, at least, is my own experience. The reviewer of the novels, if he can afford to read what he reviews for the most part contents himself with a single expression of fact. He says that he likes the book or that he does not like it. This is the meaning of his criticism, that, and nothing more. He says it in three lines, as in some papers, or in half a column, as in others; but this is all he says. It amounts to this and nothing more. And the young writer who reads the reviews hoping to find guidance or leading, or the recognition of any laws or canons of Art, or the perception that there are any such laws, may look in vain.

It may be urged that in the narrow space allotted to the reviewer of Fiction there is no room for more than the expression of a simple opinion. The *Athenæum*, for instance, allots about two columns and a half every week for the discussion of eight to ten novels, and this without any nasty favouritisms or preferences, giving as much space to the latest work of the veteran Master (which in other countries would be foolishly considered a literary event) as to the schoolgirl's story paid for by the girl's friends— neither more nor less. This appreciative arrangement necessarily cramps the critic. Yet, when a more generous recognition of the work is accorded in other papers, the same absence of perception that the thing is a work of Art is equally remarked.

I repeat. The Art of Fiction is ruled by the same laws as govern the Art of Painting. Almost word for word the same teaching might be given. Colour, light, shadow, drawing, grouping, proportion, selection, dramatic treatment, may all be considered for a novel as for a picture. As in a picture, so in a novel, the subject is the first thing, the chief thing. How to present this subject in its most attractive and most effective form; how to give it a setting; how to fit it with characters; how to select and present the scenes; this is the *technique*—the science—of the Art. This *technique* each man has now to find out by himself.

Can these things be taught? Most certainly they can. The young writer can be taught these things just as the young painter can be taught the elementary principles of his Art. For instance, I have of late years, owing to certain circumstances, read, but not for publishers, a great many MSS. written by young writers. Most of them, of course, were things of no promise and no value whatever. But some were promising; and the best and cleverest among these were spoiled—invariably—by faults which a little teaching would have enabled the writer to avoid: faults which no young painter would commit, because he would have learned better before he ventured to send in a picture for exhibition. Everyone who has ever read for publishers, as well as those who have read for young authors, will, I am certain, confirm this experience. It is most melancholy to find, as one constantly finds, the most admirable situations thrown away or inefficiently presented, the reader's attention distracted or lost by dull and weak descriptions, the neglect or the abuse of dialogue, the needless presentation of trifles. It may be said that these young people, if left to themselves, will find out for themselves. Perhaps, but after what waste of time and what lost opportunities? It is exactly for the sake of those who can, and will, find out for themselves in time that one feels the need of definite instruction.

How could these things be taught? How is the Art of Painting taught? In a School of Fiction I can conceive of a lecturer dissecting a work, or a series of works, showing how the thing sprang first from a central idea; how this idea gradually attached itself to a central figure in a central group; how there

arose about this group scenery, the setting of the fable; how the atmosphere became presently charged with the presence of mankind, other characters attaching themselves to the group; how situations, scenes, conversations, led up little by little to the full development of this central idea. I can also conceive of a School of Fiction in which the students should be made to practise observation, description, dialogue, and dramatic effects. The student, in fact, would be taught how to use his tools. In this way the young writer might at least be saved a great many disgusts and disappointments, and a great deal of valuable time. He would learn at the outset something of what is absolutely necessary. He would especially learn, unless his teachers were pedants, that mere knowledge of the *technique* is useless without a natural aptitude for the Art is present to begin with.

But what if the natural aptitude is not present? We shall then, it will be objected, be training a horde of mediocre and incompetent novelists. Why? In every little town there are now Schools of Art and Schools of Music. Do they train a crowd of incompetent painters and musicians? Not at all. The outcome of their labours is that there are now thousands who can paint and draw, play and compose, after a fashion, in mediocre fashion; that the standard necessary for success has been enormously raised; that those who do succeed are much better than their predecessors, *and that they are not in larger numbers.* In other words, mediocrity finds it very much harder to get on; the critical faculty has been, in these two Arts, enormously cultivated and developed; and the work produced is enormously better. Exactly this, and nothing more, would be the case if the Science—the workmanship—of Fiction were understood and taught. It would become more and more impossible for the bad novelist to get his work published, even on the base and ignominious terms of paying for it—the method now responsible for three-fourths of the novels produced: the critic would learn to base his opinions upon a knowledge of the tools and how to use them; the work accepted by the public would be more artistic, more careful, more faithful.

Of course, we shall not get this School of Fiction—yet. The popular—and the paragrapher's—belief that Fiction comes by

nature and is not an Art, is too strong. But the Americans, who first proposed the School, are a practical people. They have grasped the fact that they have to do with an Art, while our critics are struggling with the aforesaid elementary idea that novel writing comes by nature. Most of our people also believe that it is rather a contemptible pursuit at best. Meantime there is one thing which authors, who really do seem as if they were beginning to act together at last, might do in their own interests. They might, and they should, prohibit altogether the presentation of their books for review to papers whose criticisms are inadequate, ignorant, or unjust. And this simple measure of self-defence is one which some of us mean to bear in mind and to practise.

WALTER BESANT.

III.

SINCE Art is science with an addition, since some science underlies all Art, there is seemingly no paradox in the use of such a phrase as "the Science of Fiction." One concludes it to mean that comprehensive and accurate knowledge of realities which must be sought for, or intuitively possessed, to some extent, before anything deserving the name of an artistic performance in narrative can be produced.

The particulars of this science are the generals of almost all others. The materials of Fiction being human nature and circumstances, the science thereof may be dignified by calling it the codified law of things as they really are. No single pen can treat exhaustively of this. The Science of Fiction is contained in that large work, the cyclopædia of life.

In no proper sense can the term "science" be applied to other than this fundamental matter. It can have no part or share in the construction of a story, however recent speculations may have favoured such an application. We may assume with certainty that

directly the constructive stage is entered upon, Art—high or low—begins to exist.

The most devoted apostle of realism, the sheerest naturalist, cannot escape, any more than the withered old gossip over her fire, the exercise of Art in his labour or pleasure of telling a tale. Not until he becomes an automatic reproducer of all impressions whatsoever can he be called purely scientific, or even a manufacturer on scientific principles. If in the exercise of his reason he select or omit, with an eye to being more truthful than truth (the just aim of Art), he transforms himself into a technicist at a move.

As this theory of the need for the exercise of the Dædalian faculty for selection and cunning manipulation has been disputed, it may be worth while to examine the contrary proposition. That it should ever have been maintained by such a romancer as M. Zola, in his work on the *Roman Expérimental*, seems to reveal an obtuseness to the disproof conveyed in his own novels which, in a French writer, is singular indeed. To be sure that author—whose powers in story-telling, rightfully and wrongfully exercised, may be partly owing to the fact that he is not a critic—does in a measure concede something in the qualified counsel that the novel should keep as close to reality *as it can*; a remark which may be interpreted with infinite latitude, and would no doubt have been cheerfully accepted by Dumas *père* or Mrs. Radcliffe. It implies discriminative choice; and if we grant that we grant all. But to maintain in theory what he abandons in practice, to subscribe to rules and to work by instinct, is a proceeding not confined to the author of *Germinal* and *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*.

The reasons that make against such conformation of story-writing to scientific processes have been set forth so many times in examining the theories of the realist, that it is not necessary to recapitulate them here. Admitting the desirability, the impossibility of reproducing in its entirety the phantasmagoria of experience with infinite and atomic truth, without shadow, relevancy, or subordination, is not the least of them. The fallacy appears to owe its origin to the just perception that with our widened knowledge of the universe and its forces, and man's position therein, narrative,

to be artistically convincing, must adjust itself to the new alignment, as would also artistic works in form and colour, if further spectacles in their sphere could be presented. Nothing but the illusion of truth can permanently please, and when the old illusions begin to be penetrated, a more natural magic has to be supplied.

Creativeness in its full and ancient sense—the making a thing or situation out of nothing that ever was before—is apparently ceasing to satisfy a world which no longer believes in the abnormal—ceasing at least to satisfy the van-couriers of taste ; and creative fancy has accordingly to give more and more place to realism, that is, to an artificiality distilled from the fruits of closest observation.

This is the meaning deducible from the work of the realists, however stringently they themselves may define realism in terms. Realism is an unfortunate, an ambiguous word, which has been taken up by literary society like a view-halloo, and has been assumed in some places to mean copyism, and in others pruriency, and has led to two classes of delineators being included in one condemnation.

Just as bad a word is one used to express a consequence of this development, namely "brutality," a term which, first applied by French critics, has since spread over the English school like the other. It aptly hits off the immediate impression of the thing meant; but it has the disadvantage of defining impartiality as a passion, and a plan as a caprice. It certainly is very far from truly expressing the aims and methods of conscientious and well-intentioned authors who, notwithstanding their excesses, errors, and rickety theories, attempt to narrate the *vérité vraie*.

To return for a moment to the theories of the scientific realists. Every friend to the novel should and must be in sympathy with their error, even while distinctly perceiving it. Though not true, it is well found. To advance realism as complete copyism, to call the idle trade of story-telling a science, is the hyperbolic flight of an admirable enthusiasm, the exaggerated cry of an honest reaction from the false, in which the truth has been impetuously approached and overleapt in fault of lighted on.

Possibly, if we only wait, the third something, akin to perfection, will exhibit itself on its due pedestal. How that third some-

thing may be induced to hasten its presence, who shall say? Hardly the English critic.

But this appertains to the Art of novel-writing, and is outside the immediate subject. To return to the "science." . . . Yet what is the use? Its very comprehensiveness renders the attempt to dwell upon it a futility. Being an observative responsiveness to everything within the cycle of the suns that has to do with actual life, it is easier to say what it is not than to categorise its *summa genera*. It is not, for example, the paying of a great regard to adventitious externals to the neglect of vital qualities, not a precision about the outside of the platter and an obtuseness to the contents. An accomplished lady once confessed to the writer that she could never be in a room two minutes without knowing every article of furniture it contained and every detail in the attire of the inmates, and, when she left, remembering every remark. Here was a person, one might feel for the moment, who could prime herself to an unlimited extent and at the briefest notice in the scientific data of fiction; one who, assuming her to have some slight artistic power, was a born novelist. To explain why such a keen eye to the superficial does not imply a sensitiveness to the intrinsic is a psychological matter beyond the scope of these notes; but that a blindness to material particulars often accompanies a quick perception of the more ethereal characteristics of humanity, experience continually shows.

A sight for the finer qualities of existence, an ear for the "still sad music of humanity," are not to be acquired by the outer senses alone, close as their powers in photography may be. What cannot be discerned by eye and ear, what may be apprehended only by the mental tactility that comes from a sympathetic appreciativeness of life in all its manifestations, this is the gift which renders its possessor a more accurate delineator of human nature than many another with twice his powers and means of external observation, but without that sympathy. To see in half and quarter views the whole picture, to catch from a few bars the whole tune, is the intuitive power that supplies the would-be story-writer with the scientific bases for his pursuit. He may not count the dishes at a feast, or accurately estimate the value of the jewels

in a lady's diadem; but through the smoke of those dishes, and the rays from these jewels, he sees written on the wall :—

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Thus, as aforesaid, an attempt to set forth the Science of Fiction in calculable pages is futility; it is to write a whole library of human philosophy, with instructions how to feel.

Once in a crowd a listener heard a needy and illiterate woman saying of another poor and haggard woman who had lost her little son years before: "You can see the ghost of that child in her face even now."

That speaker was one who, though she could probably neither read nor write, had the true means towards the "Science" of Fiction innate within her; a power of observation informed by a living heart. Had she been trained in the technicalities, she might have fashioned her view of mortality with good effect; a reflection which leads to a conjecture that, perhaps, true novelists, like poets, are born, not made.

THOMAS HARDY.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR OUR COUNTRY VILLAGES?

THE answer that would be made to this question by most persons of authority and influence in the country districts would possibly be "Leave them alone." But the condition of village life in England is becoming more and more clearly a national question which concerns every part of the community. The interdependence between town and country which Mr. Charles Booth has brought out so forcibly in his book on East London* presses upon the mind of every thoughtful man much serious matter for consideration. The idea that it is chiefly the country labourers who, having drifted up to London, add to the ranks of the unemployed is being exploded. As the authors of the Dockers' Strike say: "It is not the country immigrants so much as the Londoners proper who find work hard to get, and it is from their ranks that casual labour is drawn." We may admit that the circulation between town and country is absolutely essential, and that if London were walled round and left to its own population its state in a couple of generations would be utterly disastrous. But yet we may ask, Is this constant draining off of nearly all the most vigorous young men from the villages, and especially from the Southern counties, into London absolutely necessary? Cannot village life become attractive enough to retain a few of them? Must all this good material go? And then there are other questions. If the more restless and enterprising will go, as they will for years to come, what kind of outfit, what sort of ideas do they take with them to help them to become good citizens in their new surroundings? Have the ordinary conditions of social life in the villages been such

*See especially the chapter on "Influx of Population," by Mr. Llewellyn Smith.

as to cultivate a habit of orderly self-government, a sense of responsibility for the independent association of all classes with public ends in view? A case I came across only a few days ago illustrates the kind of answer which must often be made to such questions. A working man bred up in a Midland town, who had devoted himself to good social work among his fellows—one of those men who are the salt of the earth in our big towns—migrated a while ago to become estate carpenter on a large estate in a Southern county. This is what he has to say of his experience: "I had often heard of the drawbacks of village life, and had thought the speakers were exaggerating, but now I think everything I heard was within the mark. The Squire owns the whole place except three cottages and the vicarage, and all the people are completely under the Squire and the parson. There is absolutely nothing going on for the people to manage or take an interest in. I got into a good deal of trouble at first from my habit of speaking my mind, but as I could not afford to throw up my place I had to 'simmer down' in that respect. Moreover, if they could be stirred up into attempting anything likely to help them to greater independence or intelligence such efforts would be promptly crushed out by the powers that be." "Well, but isn't there a village club?" "Yes, a little one." "And who manages that?" "The Squire's daughters," with a twinkle more expressive than words. And as a general summary of the whole matter: "It fairly knocks all the manliness out of a man."

Now, be this an exceptional village or not, there are plenty of others not unlike it. People who live in the country often wonder why there are so many "Land Nationalisers," and such an intensely strong feeling about the land question in towns. There is not a village in England that does not have its "town visitor" in some cottage home each year, who has come back to see his relations and friends. It is not systems of farming they think and talk about when they return to their town homes, but the condition of the people—what it is, and what it might be. At the time of the Factory Acts, Carlyle wrote: "'What is to become of our invaluable cotton trade?' cried certain spinners. The Humanity of England answered steadfastly: 'Deliver me these rickety, perishing souls of infants, and let your cotton trade take its chance.'" The town critic, whether wisely or

not, says: "Deliver me these crushed, dull, deadened lives of many of our country folk, and let your land system take its chance. We must and we will somehow alter a condition of things which 'knocks all the manliness out of a man.'"

This, however, is not the point of view from which the condition of our agricultural districts is usually approached. The discussion of such matters generally resolves itself into statements like the following:

"A farmer likes a big landlord better than a small one." "During the recent agricultural depression the labourer has suffered less than any other party to the agricultural bargain." "Our farming in England is the finest in the world, and our production of wheat per acre larger than that of most other countries." "The small freeholders are much worse farmers than the ordinary occupying tenants." "On the model villages and estates the landlord spends more money without an adequate return than any capitalist in the country," or, as a farmer wrote the other day, "I do not believe the labourer does as much work as he might and the sole cause is people agitating to set class against class. This ought to be stopped in some way." Now all these statements *might* be admitted, and yet the question which is here being raised remains untouched. Let us admit that only good farming will make the land pay, and that if there is no work to be done a man cannot find employment, and there is yet a good deal more to be said. It is not by any increase of the charitable element in our landowning system, or by the willingness of landlords to take low interest, or no interest, on their investment, that we are going to increase the self-respect or strengthen the manhood of our village folk. It is not in this way that the labourers will learn lessons of combination and association, and how by their own efforts they may improve their condition and diminish by degrees that sordid poverty, so depressing and hopeless in its character which in the South of England especially is a most distressing element in our rural life. No, another task lies before us, and slow work it will be in any case. Every rational man will admit that something at any rate can be gained by laying the foundations of real self-government among our villagers as soon as possible.

But however slow the task may be, and it will be very slow in some places, the essential matter is, that when the next step is taken to carry representative local government lower down than the County Council that step shall be taken in the right way. The proposals of the Government in the Bill of 1888, which fortunately never became law, were on the wrong lines. That Bill proposed to place all the powers which concerned the lesser areas in the hands of the District Council, whose control was to extend over a district somewhat similar to that of the Boards of Guardians. Nearly all of the few powers which the parish possesses were to be transferred from it to the District Council. A Conservative member said at the time in the House of Commons that he hoped the Government would not give a death-blow to the ancient parishes of England; for if they abolished the parishes the agricultural labourer would certainly lose all chance of really expressing his wants. The right method, as many believe, is just the opposite to that proposed in 1888, namely, to retain for the parish all the powers that it can reasonably take charge of through its reformed Vestry or Parish Council, and only to assign to the District Council such larger powers, sanitary and the like, as the necessity of the case absolutely demands. Any Government which does not act on this principle will fly in the face of facts, the fact being that the Union area can do nothing to bring out local patriotism, but that a village-bred man cares about his parish or village as much as a Newcastle man cares about Newcastle or an Oldham man about Oldham, and often a good deal more.

And our villages used to have a very real degree of self-government once. But then there was more common ownership; then there was less difference between great and small; the old Poor Law and the allowance system had not degraded the labourer to a condition which has left its traces deep down in all that affects his well-being. Now, self-government is reduced in some parishes to something like the following process, described to me by a clergyman the other day. The rector and three or four farmers meet on a chilly afternoon at Easter time in the vestry. The first motion, "Votes we 'journ," is moved by the principal farmer and adjourn they do across the churchyard to the rector's study, which is more comfortable, and when, sitting round the fire, they have divided the available

offices among themselves all local self-government is over for the year. It is easy to see why local self-government in the village has disappeared. Those whose interest it was to maintain it had fallen too low. To the others it did not much matter. As for the landlords, as Mr. Brodrick says, "all these changes have by no means weakened the squire, who, on the contrary, is a greater man than ever, relatively to other classes in the village community, since he is no longer jostled by independent yeomen but surrounded by obsequious tenants and labourers." Then, neither the farmer nor the clergyman would be, as a rule, anxious for changes which might introduce what are called "local politics." The land agent is not usually an ardent reformer. The small tradesman has many reasons for not moving in matters of this sort. Meantime the Local Government Board has not encouraged the rehabilitation of the parish, a process which would no doubt give it a great deal of trouble. And while the sphere of self-government in the village has been lessened other popular institutions have also disappeared. Thus, for various ecclesiastical and other reasons, even the old-fashioned choirs, with their flutes and fiddles, the old bellringers, the mummers, the wakes, and fairs, which were the creation of or were supported by the villagers themselves, have gone. They have been superseded by more respectable organisations, and in many places the amusements of the people are more under benevolent and well-intentioned control than ever. No doubt someone must lead in these matters, but there are two ways of leading, and if they would only understand it, a well-planned measure of parish self-government will give persons of authority and influence an admirable opportunity to throw themselves into the common interests of the people on a level with their neighbours instead of falling back on patronage or some form of charity, direct or disguised. The only persons who need be excluded from taking their part will be those who exclude themselves.

Those who are most in authority over our villages might well learn to say with Dr. Arnold: "My great desire is to teach my boys to govern themselves, a much better thing than to govern them well myself." Where the principle of reasonable popular control can be rought in it will be a great advantage to the working people in

the villages. How often, for instance, have schools or village halls been refused by the authorities for the advocacy of some cause of great interest to the labourer, the cause of Trade Unionism, or Co-operation, or the cause of Nonconformity? How, still more often, have little groups of village folk had to stifle all hope of a public meeting they wished to hold because they knew it was useless to ask for the only available public building in the place. It is here that popular control will be of great avail. I will give an instance of what I mean, which happened quite lately, the sort of thing which is happening every day. A thriving working men's co-operative society in a town is recruiting members and starting branches among the labourers in the country villages round, and it wishes to give a concert and entertainment to its members in each such village. "At one village," my informant says, "a School Board refused our application for the use of the schoolroom; but at the next School Board election the villagers made a promise to grant the schoolroom for such purposes in future the condition of giving their votes, and returned members pledged to do so. The same Board controls the schools of two villages and since that election we have given entertainments at both schools. In another village the school is under the clergyman's control, who refuses to allow it to be used by us. We are just opening a branch there, but have no means of giving the people any festivities over it. Thus you see that in the case of buildings, all of which are receiving a lot of public money, a refractory elective board can be dealt with successfully and a refractory clergyman can't." Then, again, a public body under public control gives at least a fair chance of continuity of public spirited action if people will only look after their own interests. But you may have the most liberal-minded squire or clergyman in one generation, and then a successor who may quarrel with some popular leader, or a new land agent may come and the policy of his predecessor may be reversed. Villages have suffered thus again and again, in a way which is quite impossible in the towns.

Now, when we come to look at the existing Parish Vestry we find that its powers "are almost undefined and everything is done in an irregular manner." The reformed Vestry of the future will

have to meet in the evening, all voters will have an equal voting power, and the chairman will no longer be the clergyman *ex-officio*, but will be chosen by the Vestry. The Vestry will, as Mr. Goschen indicated, when speaking on his Bill of 1871, "have those functions which properly belong to the deliberative assembly of the parish," and it will elect the Parish Council. The official objection to these proposals is that so many of our parishes are too small. The obvious answer is that you must group the very small parishes and townships as has already been done for some School Board united districts. But even a parish of 200 or 300 may perfectly well look after itself in certain well-defined matters. And you cannot sacrifice the welfare of a very large population in moderate-sized parishes to a mechanical argument of this sort. Thus, taking a county at random, in Wiltshire, which has a population of about 250,000, if we omit the towns and larger parishes, we find about 150,000 people in parishes of between 4,000 and 200 inhabitants, and about 10,000 only in parishes below 200. You cannot sacrifice the 150,000 to the 10,000. The Vestry meetings will be just like the township meetings in the country districts in America (they kept the old Teutonic tradition there while we lost it at home), of which Mr. Bryce says, "No better school of politics can be imagined nor any method of managing local affairs more certain to prevent jobbery and waste, to stimulate vigilance and breed contentment." This is just as true of the meetings in the Swiss Communes, which maintain such an admirable public spirit among the people. And while the open meeting of the Vestry will be a capital school of training, where men will learn to distinguish between the real leaders and the "windbags," the Parish Councils will also be centres of great popular interest. When the Bill of 1888 was before the House of Commons a small tradesman in a North-country village wrote to me: "The Local Government Bill will be a great disadvantage to a parish like ours with a population of between 2,000 and 3,000. The School Board has greatly improved the tone of the working men. The working men have begun to think for themselves. If we had the same power in the parish to appoint a local council the parish would be all alive to its duty, but if we only appoint someone to attend the District Council five miles away no working man can take

part in it, and the matter will be treated with indifference. We have plenty of intelligent men who would interest themselves if we as a parish could manage some things for ourselves." This, I am convinced, is the feeling of hundreds of our village shopkeepers, artisans, and labourers.

One of the most important questions with which these parish bodies will be concerned in some villages will be security of tenure for buildings which serve a public purpose, and in some cases for private dwellings.* Sites for village halls, Nonconformist chapels, libraries, workmen's clubs, co-operative societies, and perhaps for the work of building societies will be required. The village halls will be under the control of the Parish Council, and used both for business and recreation. In them, or annexed to them, will be found the Free Library. And when, through village libraries, books get really among the village folk, we shall get beyond the goody-goody books which, as Jefferies says, but few will read, or the apron-string control which will not lend women "Adam Bede," "Mary Barton," or "Ruth" for fear they should do them harm. Since the Town Holdings Committee reported unanimously in favour of enfranchisement of leases for chapels we may consider it settled that security of tenure will soon be given for all places of worship. As to co-operative societies, Mr. Albert Pell, not a revolutionary reformer, and a man who knows what he is talking about, says,† "If there *was* legislation" (he is not advocating it) "for the compulsory taking of land of parishes or villages I should like to see legislation enabling industrial societies to get hold of freehold for co-operative stores. My experience with regard to these societies is that they are at an enormous disadvantage in England from the inability to get into a village." Then what has he done in his own case? "The Co-operative Society," he says, "is no longer my tenant; they have become the freeholders of the stores; they have

* I have used the words freehold or ownership several times, but complete security of tenure at a fixed rent under the local authority is all that is needed. So long as the rent cannot be capriciously altered but only raised, if raised at all, at fixed intervals, and only when there is clear evidence of increase of value from causes lying outside any action of the occupier, and so long as the tenure is secure, the essential requirements are obtained.

† Evidence before Small Holdings Committee.

bought them of me. Many of the men joined a building society and are owners of their own houses now." This was in a manufacturing village, and of course if all landlords would do everywhere as Mr. Pell has done there would be little difficulty. As for the dwellings, in agricultural districts, shepherds, carters, and labourers who live on the farms cannot have full security of tenure though their tenure might often be longer than it is. But there are few villages where there is not a small shopkeeper, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a carrier, a wheelwright, or a thrifty labourer who would be delighted to obtain the ownership of his own house with the help of a building or co-operative society, or to rent with complete security of tenure under a local authority. A payment of an extra shilling a week for a term of years over and above what would have been his rent, a sum which many men have been able to save by ready money dealing at the co-operative store, has often made a town working man owner of his own house. No doubt the fact that labourers' cottages are often let at charity rents, to the loss of the landlord, an arrangement not easily altered, but which probably lowers wages, increases the difficulty. But there would be a few men everywhere who would surmount this and other difficulties if they only got the chance. Some persons imagine that the cheapening of the transfer of land and the abolition of entail, as it is called, together with the landlord's own pecuniary interest, must get rid of all obstacles. Nothing can be more untrue. There are dozens of villages where the people will tell you "he can sell, but he won't; he wouldn't sell a bit of freehold land for working men to use as they like, not if you offered him 50 or 100 years' purchase." Or, as the son of a very liberal landlord said to me once, "Suppose your building society cottages found their way into the hands of two or three notorious poachers?" The argument was assumed to be conclusive and final. An agent of a large landlord, with the complete command of the land in a large industrial district, said plainly, when giving evidence before the Town Holdings Committee, that if leasehold enfranchisement were carried he would let no more leases and that he certainly would not sell freehold, and that, therefore, practically there would be nothing more in future than a month's tenure for anyone in the neighbourhood. To despotic talk of this kind, to

such misuse of the power which the ownership of land gives, an end must be put in the interest of the community. In matters of this sort, first full publicity is needed, which the Parish Councils will be able to give ; and then compulsory powers of purchase by the local authority, to be used in the last resort only, under the supervision of some higher and impartial authority. There are many self-respecting working men who will not live all their lives where there is no public building under public control, available for their own organisations, and where the dwellings are to be held only on condition of keeping in the good books of the landlord's bailiff. And in some villages where the farmers are absolutely masters of the situation, and hold all the cottages, the position is even worse.

As for the village schools, it is a well-established educational principle that popular control and popular interest provide a stimulus of the best kind, and this is perfectly true for village as well as town. I quote here some words which put the matter better than I can. "No skill in organisation, no careful adaptation of the means in hand to the best ends, can do as much for education as the earnest co-operation of the people. Every arrangement which teaches the people to look on the schools as their own, which encourages them to take a share in the management, will do at least as much service as the wisest advice and the most skilful administration. Nor can we allow great weight to the objection that ratepayers would govern the schools ill." These are the views of Bishop Temple, Dean Hook, and their colleagues on the Commission which inquired into middle-class education. Every word applies to our village schools. They say themselves that the fact that the American schools are in the hands of the people gives them a force which makes up for all other deficiencies.

Our next step in educational organisation should be to obtain District School Authorities everywhere, elected for areas like the District Council areas of the future, which will be able to supply travelling teachers and other valuable means of lifting our country schools above their present level. Working with them should be found strong boards of elected managers in every parish where there is a school under public control. It is almost needless to say that the time has come where whenever, as in most villages, there is

only one school available, that school should be under representative control. Here, too, the Parish Council, with perhaps one or two co-opted members, could do the work. As for Poor Law powers, the time may come when Parish Councils will have a consultative voice, but it may be well to see first how the work is done by popular elected bodies in the larger areas. In any case the Parish Council should have charge of charities and charity lands. On the drink question and on other matters intimately affecting the social and moral welfare of the people, it is clear that the parish must have initiative powers.

The general purport of what has been urged is this. Do not, for reasons of symmetry and simplicity, allow the parish to be overridden. Let such powers be given to parish authorities as may enable them, without undue interference with the amenities of private owners, or with the picturesqueness of country places, to obtain security of tenure for all buildings and land which are really necessary for the welfare of the community. Above all, give free scope for the expression of public opinion, court publicity in every way, which is the best enemy of the petty tyrant who is not necessarily the landlord, but perhaps the farmer, the shopkeeper, the agent, or the working man who has risen a little above his fellows. There is splendid material yet in our villages. Let some small measure only of the opportunities be given to the village people which have helped to make the best of the working classes in our towns what they now are. Sixty or seventy years ago the condition of the working men and women in our towns was miserable in the extreme, their labour intensely severe, and independent association in order to improve their own condition almost impossible. But, though many evils yet remain, municipal life and freedom of association have reared up, in the towns, men of energy, insight, seriousness of purpose, men with zeal for justice and sympathy for broad and courageous views of life, men of self-respect and independence, of whom this country may well be proud. In our villages there is no municipal life, and in many of them there is no freedom for associated action. We may put the future of agriculture in this country at its worst, we may admit that independence alone will not make a hard worker or a happy home, but we are still

bound to believe that much remains to be done. People complain that the labourers are ungrateful, suspicious, bitter. They will never respect others when they cannot respect themselves. Give them a sense of responsibility which will provide an education in good citizenship, rather than charity, which by itself never ennobled any human being. There is, indeed, much painful poverty needing relief, and there are, no doubt, many well-meant efforts to relieve it. But even hard poverty is less difficult to bear when men and women know that they count for something and have some personal responsibility for the welfare of the community in which they live. Put the village hall, the library, the entertainments, the playground, the schools, the allotments, the charities, the co-operative societies under the control of the inhabitants of the village, under the management of the men and women they themselves choose. Then those who deserve influence will obtain influence a thousand-fold more potent than many of the so-called influences of the present day. Then those who leave our villages will take with them lessons which will stand them in good stead in the towns, and the lives of those who stay behind will be brightened, strengthened, and enriched. The representatives of various classes will then be drawn together, as they never have been before, with a basis of common interest to work upon. In all the new combined effort which will be brought about there will be much discouragement which Mazzini once wisely said was only another name for disenchanted egotism. The spirit of despair and the spirit of distrust must be got rid of and the best must be got out of people in their own way, not in the way others think best for them. And then it may turn out that the narrowness and suspicion, which are the curses of much of our existing village life, will dwindle away, and that the social, moral, and material surroundings of those who are not drawn away from their village homes by the attractions of town life will be effectively and permanently improved.

ARTHUR H. D. ACLAND.

STRAY MEMORIES.

WHY is it, I wonder, that pain is so deeply felt at the time, and that its memory fades so quickly, while joy flits by almost unperceived, and yet leaves such deep traces behind? At least, this is my experience. It may not be so with most people. They may, perhaps, suffer deeply and remember lightly; enjoy strongly and forget quickly. If so, I pity them with all my heart. When I sit down to write these stray memories it is not the sad recollections that come crowding before me; it is the bright, joyous moments which shape themselves most distinctly in my mind. "Oh, what a light, frivolous nature you must have, then!" I hear some grave and reverend signior remark, if any such person ever deigns to read this flimsy chatter. Well, I am ready to plead guilty to the charge. I was made like that, and so nature is to blame, and not I. Why, I recollect when I was a very small personage, and first took to the stage, getting many a "wigging" for not paying attention. But I always forgot the scoldings, and only remembered the pats on the back and the sugar-plums which I received when I did well. I am bound to say, though, that in my very infantile period the sugar-plums bore a very small proportion to the slaps. For, until I really got fired with love of my art, I was a veritable "limb," and there was no doing anything with me.

In justice to myself, however, I must say that the ambition to become a good actress caught fire at a very early stage. The first play in which I acted was *The Winter's Tale*. I was cast for the part of Mamillius, and how my young heart swelled with pride—I can recall the sensation now—when I was told what I had to do. There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which

always makes her recollect how she was dressed at any especially eventful moment of her life, and I can see myself, as though it were yesterday, in my little red and white coat—very short — *very* pink silk stockings, and a row of tight sausage curls—my mother was always very careful that they should be in perfect order and regularity—clustered round my head. A small go-cart, which it was my duty to drag about the stage, was also a keen source of pride, and a great trouble to me. My first dramatic failure dates from that "go-cart." I was told to run about with it on the stage, and while carrying out my instructions with more vigour than discretion, tripped over the handle, and down I came on my back. A titter ran through the house, and I felt that my career as an actress was ruined for ever. Bitter and copious were the tears I shed—but I am not sure that the incident has materially altered the course of my life.

Although I was then only about eight or nine years old, the wonderful fire and genius of Mrs. Kean made a strong impression on me; and how I admired and loved and feared her! Later on the fear was replaced by gratitude, for no woman ever gave herself more trouble to train a young actress than did Mrs. Kean: the love and admiration remained and grew. It is rare that it falls to the lot of anyone to have such an accomplished teacher. Devoted to her art, conscientious to a degree in mastering the details and spirit of her part, and equally patient in explaining the meaning to anyone she was teaching, Mrs. Kean at the same time, through her vivid personality and force, had the faculty of chaining the attention and indelibly imprinting her rendering of a part on the imagination. Yet, under what disadvantages actresses suffered in those days! When I think of the costume in which Mrs. Kean used to play the part of Hermione, it seems marvellous to me that she could have produced the impression that she did. For instance, no matter what the character might be that she was taking, she always used to wear her hair drawn flat over her forehead and twisted tight round her ears in a kind of a circular sweep, such as a writing-master makes when he attempts an extra grand flourish. And then the amount of petticoats she used to wear! Although Hermione is a Greek part, and classic ladies were not

supposed to wear a superfluity of raiment, Mrs. Kean used to be always bunched out by layer upon layer of petticoats. Still, I never yet have seen the play which could be made or marred by a single costume, and if the petticoats were "full" of plaits, the voice was full of pathos—and the dignity, the simplicity, the womanliness of Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione must surely be remembered by all who had the good fortune to see the play.

The transition, however, from the old happy-go-lucky way of "staging" a piece, with its sublime indifference to correctness of detail and disregard of archæology, was steadily advancing. Charles Kean had been sent to Eton by his father, and one of the advantages he derived from a classical education was, that he had his eyes opened to the absurd anachronisms in costume and accessories which prevailed at that period, and when he undertook the management of the Princess's Theatre he earnestly set to work to carry on the good change already begun by Kemble and Macready. A naturally refined taste in addition to a scholarly sense of accuracy and refinement set him on the right path, and he it was, in company with Mr. Phelps, who firmly established the series of stage reforms which have been brought in our day to such wonderful perfection by Mr. Irving.

Very young actors sometimes complain of low salaries and long hours. I wish they could see Mr. Kean's salary list—they would soon cease to grumble. Why, a young man to-day gets as much for carrying on a coalbox as an experienced actor then received for playing an important part. Then, how different the hours are! If a company now has to rehearse for four hours in the day it is thought a great hardship. But when I was a child, rehearsals often used to last till four or five in the morning. What weary work, it was to be sure! My poor little legs used to ache, and sometimes I could hardly keep my eyes open when I was on the stage. Often I used to creep into the green-room, which everyone acquainted with the old Princess's will remember well, and there, curled up in the deep recess of the window, forget myself, my troubles and my art—if you can talk of art in connection with a child of eight—in a delicious sleep. How well I remember, too, the view from that window. It looked out on a great square

courtyard, in which the spare scenery that was not in immediate use was stacked. For some reason or other this courtyard was a favourite playground for a large company of rats. I don't know what the attraction was for them, except that they liked nibbling the paint off the canvas. Out they used to troop in swarms, and I from my safe and cosy nook would watch and wonder. Once a terrible storm came on when I was perched up on my window-seat. The thunderstorm, the old courtyard, and the rats made a most picturesque scene; and to this day I am reminded of it by the Brocken scene in *Faust*—the thunder and lightning, the creatures crawling on every side, the *greyness* of the whole thing.

One day, though, as I lay curled up in my window, I was the witness of a very different scene, and one which made an indelible impression on my mind. I had been asleep, as usual, I suppose, when I was awakened by a sudden noise, and looking up I saw Mr. Harley stretched on the sofa in a fit. One side of his face was working convulsively, and he was unable to speak, but he held out his hand to me and tried to call to me, "Little Nelly!" Imagine my terror, and to heighten the horror of the scene he was still dressed as Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*, the part he had been playing that evening. A doctor was sent for, and Mr. Harley was looked after, but he never recovered from this seizure. Poor Mr. Harley! I can recollect him quite plainly! An old gentleman—an old fop—always smiling; his two large rows of teeth were so *very* good! And he had pompous, grandiloquent manners, and wore white gaiters and a hanging eye-glass! There he lay on the sofa, all drawn to one side, gibbering and mouthing at me, and calling "Little Nell! Little Nell!" I can see him now.

The greater portion of my time when I was at the Princess's was not, however, spent in sleep in the green-room window. Young as I was I was almost unconsciously taking in a number of lessons which have been most useful to me in my subsequent career. I hold it of immense importance that at this period the Princess's was almost entirely given up to Shakespeare.

Consequently I was nourished from my earliest youth on that most wholesome of all foods for actors, the Shakespearean drama; but this was not the only good I derived from my early apprentice-

ship at the Princess's. It was there I was grounded in all the wearisome but most essential details of an actress's education. The greatest pains, for instance, were taken with what old-fashioned schoolmistresses loved to designate "deportment." Never shall I forget that other old "fop," Oscar Byrn, who was the dancing master and "director of crowds," &c. He often used to say that "an actress was *no* actress unless she had learnt to dance early," and indefatigable were the pains he took to illustrate his theory by practice. But he was not more anxious to teach than I, child as I was, to learn; and now I look back upon it, I feel that I must have absorbed much of his ardour in watching those under his tuition. There was an old-fashioned minuet "step" to the learning of which he used to attach great importance, and whenever he had a spare moment or two he would put me through my paces. There was another exercise of which I was not so fond, and that was what Mr. Byrn used to call "walking the plank." Up and down one of the long planks extending the length of the stage he used to make us walk, at first slowly, and then quicker and quicker, until we were able at a considerable pace to walk the whole length of it without deviating an inch from the straight line. This exercise he used to say, and I think quite truly, taught us uprightness of carriage and certainty of step. Dear old Mr. Byrn, I fear that he would have been somewhat shocked if he had lived to see the erratic way in which I now move about the stage. I can recall his directions now, the very sound of his voice—"Eyes right! Chest out! Chin tucked in!" We children used to scoff at him in those days and think it all a great nuisance, but I have learnt now to see what an immense aid not only to deportment but to clear utterance is "a chest thrown out and a head thrown back."

But Mrs. Kean, of course, was my principal mistress in the most difficult art of clear articulation. Not that she took much trouble with me at this early stage, but I used to listen attentively to her instructions to the grown-up ladies of the company. "A, E, I, O, U, my dear," she used to say, "are five distinct vowels, but don't mix them all up together as if you were making a pudding. If you want to say 'I am going on the river,' say it plainly and don't tell us you

are going on the 'rivah'! You must say h*e*r, not h*a*r; it is G*o*d, not G*u*d; rem*o*nstrance, not rem*u*nstrance," and so forth, and so forth. Nobody ever had a keener tongue or a kinder heart than Mrs. Kean, but where ridicule was necessary she never hesitated to use that weapon. "Use your arm from the shoulder, not from the elbow," she would explain. "Get your action free; don't stand like a trussed fowl." I did not like it at the time, but I am sure it did me good. The least among us can watch others, and the best "school of acting," it seems to me, is to make a good use of one's eyes and ears in a good theatre.

The only time that I ever met Macready was while I was at the Princess's. He was seeing the performance, and had come behind the scenes to speak to Charles Kean. My dressing-room was at the other side of the Royal entrance passage, and as, with my usual impetuosity, I was rushing back to my room, I ran right into the white waistcoat of an old gentleman. Looking up, I saw with alarm that I had nearly knocked over the great Mr. Macready. "Oh! I *beg* your pardon," I exclaimed, in eager voice, but Mr. Macready, looking down with a very kindly smile, only laughed and answered, "Never mind, you are a very polite little girl, and you act very earnestly and speak very nicely." I was too agitated to do anything but continue my headlong course to my dressing-room, but even in those short moments the strange attractiveness of his face impressed itself on my imagination. I remember distinctly his curling hair, his strangely-coloured eyes full of fire, and his beautiful wavy mouth.

Mr. Kean also made a strong impression upon me by his vivid personality. What struck me most about him, I think, was the great beauty of his voice, so soft and low, yet distinct and clear as a bell. When he used to play Richard II., this wonderful organ, by its magic charm, was alone sufficient to keep the house spellbound.

Actor-managers are very proud of their "long runs" nowadays, but when I remember that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ran for two hundred and fifty nights at the Princess's, I feel that I must write it down, as it was a rather remarkable occurrence in those days. Puck was the part which was allotted to me in this play, and I revelled in the impish unreason of the sprite; and even

now I feel the charm of parts where imagination can have free play, and there is no occasion to observe too closely the cold, hard rules of conventionality and the fetters of dry-as-dust realism.

Another piece, though of a very different kind, in which I took great pleasure in playing was a little farce called *If the Cap Fits*, by Edmund Yates, where I acted "Tiger Tom." But I am afraid that the real reason why I remember playing in this piece with so much pleasure was because, for the first time, I was allowed to wear a little pair of top-boots. What pride, to be sure, I used to take in those top-boots! It is true they were far too small for me, and made my feet ache fearfully, but I kept this fact a dead secret for fear they might be taken from me, and every evening used valorously to put up with the most insufferable tortures rather than run the chance of not appearing in my cherished top-boots. Whether this was an instance of pride in my art or of female vanity I will leave others to decide. In playing boys' parts I had great difficulty in learning to walk in a manner which satisfied Mrs. Kean, who, it seems to me now, had somewhat peculiar ideas on this point. She would insist on making me turn in my toes with the utmost precision. For she had a curious belief that boys always walked in this duck-like fashion. However, I learnt my lesson in the end, and ever afterwards, in playing boys' parts, I turned in my toes in the most punctilious manner.

I was also cast for a boy's part—a "dumb part"—in the *Merchant of Venice*, and here my delight was diverted from my boots to a basket of doves which I was allowed to carry on my shoulder, and which in my youthful innocence I was firmly convinced made the principal attraction on the stage during the scene in which they appeared. The other little boys and girls regarded the basket of doves with eyes of bitter envy. One little chorus boy especially, though he professed a personal devotion of the deepest kind for me, could never quite get over those doves, and the romantic sentiment which he professed for me was considerably cooled by this circumstance. Before, he used to share his sweets with me in the most chivalrous manner, but after I was promoted to the proud position of dove-bearer he transferred his sweets and affection to some more fortunate little girl. Envy, after all, is the death of love!

When the Keans gave up management in London, my parents decided it would be good for us if my sister Kate and I had a little hard work, and so "A Drawing-room Entertainment," written by a Mr. Courteney, I think it was, and acted by the Misses Kate and Ellen Terry, was announced to be played at the Royal Colosseum, Regent's Park. The "Drawing-room Entertainment" (!) was in two parts—two separate little plays, in fact—the first called *Distant Relations*, and the second *Home for the Holidays*. The whole thing was quite a success; and after playing it at the Colosseum we started on a round of visits, first to Dublin, Belfast, Plymouth, and then to places such as Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, Newbury, Reading, Brighton, the Isle of Wight, &c., &c. We were photographed in the characters there—in the Isle of Wight.

In *Home for the Holidays*, Kate played Letitia Melrose, a young girl, and I her young brother, who was expected "Home for the Holidays." Letitia is found soliloquising something in this fashion: "Dear little Harry—left all alone in the world, as we are, I feel such responsibility about him—shall I find him changed, I wonder, after two years' absence? He does not answer my letters lately. I hope he got the cake and toffee I sent him, but I've not heard a word." At this point Harry enters, but instead of being the innocent little schoolboy her imagination depicted him as having remained he appears in loud peg-top trousers—peg-top trousers were the fashion in those days—a big cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side. His talk is all about racing, betting, and fighting. Letty is struck dumb with astonishment at first, but the awful change which two years has effected gradually breaks upon her, and she implores him to turn from his idle, foolish, wicked ways. Master Harry sinks on his knees by her side, but just as his sister is about to rejoice and kiss him, he looks up in her face and bursts into laughter. She is much exasperated, and threatening to send someone to him who will talk to him in a very different fashion, she leaves the stage. Master Hopeful thereupon dons his dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and, lying full length upon the sofa, begins to have a quiet smoke. He is interrupted by the appearance of a most wonderful and grim old woman in blue spectacles—Mrs.

Terrorbody. This is no other than "Sister Letty" dressed up in order to frighten the youth out of his wits. She talks and talks, and, painting vivid pictures of what will become of him unless he alters his "vile ways," leaves the stage at last, but not before she has succeeded in making him shed tears, half of fright and half of anger. Later on, his sister, looking from the window, sees a grand fight going on between Master Harry and a butcher-boy; but when Harry enters, with his coat off, his sleeves tucked up, and in a blazing excitement explains that he "*had* to fight that butcher-boy, because he had struck a little girl in the street," Letty sees the lad has a fine nature in spite of his folly, and appeals to his heart and nobility of nature—this time not in vain.

It was a very slight piece; but I suppose the people thought that "never anything can be amiss when simpleness and duty tender it," and they received it well; and we travelled about with it for nearly three years, and had a "lovely time." It was a very merry, happy time, too. We travelled a company of five, although only two of us were acting. For there were my father and mother, and my sister Kate and myself, and Mr. Sidney Naylor, who took the very important part of orchestra! We travelled mostly by carriage, and what an odd collection we were. Father was, what we will call for courtesy's sake, "stage manager," but in reality he used to set the little stage himself, and do all the work which falls to the lot of stage manager and an army of carpenters combined. My mother used to coach us up in our parts, dress us, make us go to sleep some part of the day so that we might look "fresh" at night, and look after us generally. Mr. Naylor, who was then quite a boy, besides "discoursing most eloquent music" in the evening, during "The Drawing-room Entertainment," would amuse us—me most especially—by being very entertaining himself in our journeys from place to place, and making us all laugh about—well, mostly about nothing at all! We visited a great many small towns and we got about £10 or £15, I think, at each place—each day a new place. It was great fun—the travelling—and our little plays were very pretty. In one of them my sister used to do a scene from *King John à la* Mrs. Charles Kean, and I used to look on at the side and weep!—and so did the

audience too! I hope to make a Lyceum audience weep some day myself for the woes of Constance, and I'm sure to imitate my sister Kate, for I remember it all quite well, and I shall be pleased, indeed, if I can do it half as well.

Talking of the Colosseum reminds me I studied the words of Juliet whilst I was there. Some of my readers will recall to mind the "Stalactite Caverns" which used to form one of the attractions of the Colosseum. To me the gloomy horror of the place seemed most impressive, and I selected it as a suitable place in which to cultivate a creepy feeling and get into a fitting frame of mind for the Potion scene. I must say that my device succeeded admirably, for down in that least imposing of subterranean abodes I used to tremble and thrill to my heart's content. Ah, if only in after years, when I played Juliet, I could have thrilled an audience to the same extent!

It must be remembered that my sister and I at this time had the advantage of exceedingly clever and conscientious parents who spared no pains to bring out and perfect any talents that we possessed. My father was a very charming elocutionist, and my mother read Shakespeare beautifully, and then both were very fond of us and saw our faults with eyes of love, though they were unsparing in their corrections. And, indeed, they had need of all their patience, for, for my own part, I know I was a most troublesome, wayward pupil. However, "the labour we delight in physics pain," and I hope, too, that my more staid sister "made it up" to them.

ELLEN TERRY.

(*To be continued.*)

A MODEL CITY; OR, REFORMED LONDON.

II. THE DRAINAGE.

"A POLICY of sewage" is the one inevitable, indispensable, immovable condition of London government. The supply of water—such as Sir Thomas Farrer has shown it to be—is entrusted to private enterprise. The profits of supplying artificial light, which, as in Manchester, should belong to the ratepayers, are in London enjoyed by shareholders. The maintenance of order by police is withheld by Imperial Government, with the result that we approach a state of riot in London upon questions which the police of Manchester would settle without affording matter for a paragraph. But there is no dispute of authority in the noxious business of drainage.

In the last fifty years the method of dealing with sewage matter has entirely changed. Improvement had been slow in the preceding century. In the days of Waterloo, very little reform had taken place since those earlier times at the end of the seventeenth century, of which Macaulay records that St. James's Square, then, as now, the residence of the first magnates of the realm, was also "a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster"; when in Lincoln's Inn Fields "rubbish was shot in every part of the area," when "black rivulets of drainage roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth. . . This flood was thrown profusely to right and left by carriages and carts. . . . When the evening closed in, the garret windows were opened and pails were emptied with little regard to those who were passing below." Up to about the year 1815 it was penal to discharge

sewage or other offensive matter into the sewers ; cesspools were regarded as the proper receptacles for house drainage, and sewers—says the engineer who designed the existing system of drainage—as the legitimate channels for carrying off the surface waters only. Afterwards it became permissive, and in the year 1847 the first Act was obtained making it compulsory to drain houses into sewers. From that year to about 1853 more than thirty thousand cesspools were abolished and all house and street drainage was turned into the river. The system, however, was as bad as possible. The sewers of forty years ago discharged into the Thames in its course through London at or about the level and at the time of low water only, so that the rising tide carried the sewage upwards and the falling tide brought it back to the populous city. It was always with us. But though the Thames between Greenwich and Richmond thus became a sewage pond, that was not the full measure of the evil. The rising tide closed the outlets of the sewers and for hours kept them choked, so that the sewage settled in banks of filth, and when great rains and high tides occurred together there was an amount of flooding of which the present generation has no experience.

No capital in Europe has an approach by river equal to the Thames in natural beauty and utility, and no one would submit to consider a suggestion that in its course through the capital it should suffer the fate of the Old Bourne and other streams and become a covered main sewer. But it is not less undesirable or impossible to divert from the Thames in its passage through London such rainfall as that of July 17th, 1890, when two inches of rain fell within the twenty-four hours and a fall of one inch was recorded within some parts of London in a single hour. The disposal of rainfall, and especially of heavy rainfall, stands upon the threshold of the drainage question and must be considered thoroughly. The existing system of main sewers is constructed to carry off, with the ordinary dry weather flow of sewage in suspension, a rainfall of not more than a hundredth part of an inch per hour, or a quarter of an inch in twenty-four hours. Of such a rainfall as that of July 17th we may say that ninety-nine hundredths, with as much sewage as it could take up in a hasty passage, was at once poured into the river

Under such conditions, with such liability, we cannot have a pure and limpid river.

There are persons who believe that it is both practicable and expedient to carry off the rainfall and the spring water in one set of drains and the sewage in another set of drains. If all the obstacles of construction, of compulsion, and of expenditure were overcome, I do not feel any confidence that the result would be regarded as worth one-hundredth part of the evils consequent upon the financial burden and the overcrowding of underground London with duplicate house drains and main drains. I do not believe there would be much choice either in charm or colour and character between the off-scourings of the roofs and streets and yards and the extremely diluted sewage which, after such improvement of the London system as I shall presently indicate, must still pass directly into the Thames in the hours of excessive rainfall. Careful observation through many years led Sir Joseph Bazalgette to the probably sound conclusion that there are about 155 days in which, upon an average for several years, rain falls in London. Of these rainy days there appear to be twenty-five upon which the quantity has amounted to a quarter of an inch in twenty-four hours, or the one-hundredth of an inch per hour if spread over an entire day. It must be understood that this rarity of overflow is still more restricted by the obvious fact that rain cannot reach the sewers in volume equal to the record. There is at times so much loss by absorption and evaporation on the way that the sewer flow is not appreciably affected by a rainfall which, if stated in figures, would appear considerable.

For this reason and on this account the main sewers of London are provided with storm overflows, or outlets near the top arch of the sewer, so that when the contents rise to that level the stream is relieved by direct passage into the river. One of these is the Ranelagh overflow which is carried across the Sloane Square Station of the Metropolitan Railway. If the population of London had not increased in the last thirty years, it is likely that such overflow would not have taken place on more than twelve days per annum, and then with such copious dilution of the sewage as to render the overflow probably quite as innoxious as

would be the washings of the surface. But the burden of sewage has enormously increased, and this overflow takes place on a much larger average of days, and, of course, with inferior dilution.

I am an opportunist even in sewage, and if it be thought that the model city must repudiate even such rare and occasional contamination of the river with diluted sewage in days of great rainfall, when there must be a plentiful flood for its removal into the great volume of the Thames seaward, I am not worthy to draw a practical sketch of even the immediate future, which, of course, is all I propose to undertake. I am disposed to agree with Sir Joseph Bazalgette that the separation is impracticable, not only because it would involve a double set of drains to every house, and the construction and maintenance of a second series of sewers in every street, nor simply because he estimated the cost of separation at £12,000,000, and considered that "the interference with private property alone would render such a proposition intolerable." Sir Benjamin Baker and Mr. Binnie, the chief engineer to the County Council, have lately reported that "it would be practically impossible to dispense with these overflow sewers, having reference to the large falls of rain which occasionally have to be discharged from the Metropolitan area." Their estimate of the cost of separation rises to £20,000,000. They "admit the fact that in the heart of the Metropolis a certain amount of sewage pollution is inevitable," and they assert in their joint report to the London Council that "as a practical question it is no less impossible to deal with the whole volume of mixed rainfall and sewage by huge intercepting sewers and colossal pumping machines at the several outfalls." I therefore reluctantly abandon all counsels of perfection, though we may aim at such improvement that the condition of the river shall at no time be offensive or injurious.

On the north side of the Thames there are three great sewers, at High, Middle, and Low Levels. The High Level sewer commences at Hampstead, runs north-easterly towards Stamford Hill, then passes by Dalston and under Victoria Park to a junction with the Middle Level at Old Ford, where there is an arrangement of two lower channels and two upper channels, the lower connecting with the River Lea, the upper with the northern outfall at Barking.

In time of heavy rain, when the flow from the High and Middle sewers is too great for these outfall channels and rises above them, the surplus flows over five weirs in the penstock chamber at Old Ford, and in a state of comparatively harmless dilution passes directly into the Lea. The Middle Level begins near Kensal Green, passes through Notting Hill, underlies Oxford Street, is carried over the Metropolitan Railway at Farringdon Street, and reaches Old Ford by a line to the north of the Great Eastern Railway Station. The Low Level Sewer, which is at present much overcharged, drains a district west of Chelsea, of which the level is uniformly low, so that it was necessary to make a pumping station in Pimlico, where the sewage for this western district is raised 17½ft. to the upper end of the main line of this great sewer, which passes through Lupus Street to Vauxhall Bridge, along the landward side of the Houses of Parliament and the Embankment to Blackfriars Bridge; then leaving the course of the river it reaches the great pumping station at Abbey Mills, where the whole of its contents—including the contributions of its branches, at one end from Acton, at the other from the Isle of Dogs—are lifted 36ft., an operation which involves the consumption of as many tons per day of coal. From Abbey Mills the northern outfall consists of three culverts carried across the marshes to Barking on a concrete foundation, each 9ft. by 9ft., placed side by side, formed with upright sides and semicircular crowns and segmental inverts. The size and shape of the three main sewers, for which these outfalls form the receptacle, vary from circles of 4ft. diameter to 9ft. 6in. by 12ft.

A considerable part of the Metropolitan area upon the south side of the Thames lies below high water mark, and this area has benefited by main drainage with pumping as much as if it had been lifted 20ft. The High and Low Level sewers, beginning with their branches at Norwood and at Putney, meet at Deptford, where the sewage is lifted by pumps 18ft. into the southern outfall, which reaches Crossness in the Erith marshes about the level of low water. But at Crossness the southern sewage is pumped to the high water level in order that the discharge may be made upon the ebbing tide.

The sewage reservoirs, precipitating channels, and settling tanks

at Barking and Crossness cover about twenty acres, and when completed will, with all machinery and equipment, have cost not very far from a million sterling. The County Council inherited the commitments of the Metropolitan Board as to these works.

At one point the chemical treatment of the sewage has preceded the screening, which will soon in all cases be the first operation. For screening, the flow of sewage is obstructed by an iron cage in which a quantity of solid matter, including corks, offal of all kinds, dead vermin, with various contributions from all sorts of factories, is deposited, amounting, perhaps, to a hundred tons a week. In former times the whole of this solid filth passed into the river with more serious damage to appearances than would be caused by twenty times the weight of more soluble filth. There is no ready sale for this matter. At Barking the Council have paid £600 a year for its removal : a destructor is being erected in which it will be burnt upon transfer from the adjoining filth-hoists. Experts have differed as to the sufficiency of the chemical treatment of the sewage, but never, I believe, as to the expediency of some such treatment. The Council have adhered to the system of precipitation adopted by the Metropolitan Board by means of nearly four grains of lime in solution and one grain of proto-sulphate of iron per gallon, being equivalent to about a quarter of a ton of lime per million gallons. At Barking there are thirteen channels for precipitation, each 30ft. wide, varying from 860ft. to 1,210ft. in length, and holding together about 20,000,000 gallons. By a skilful rearrangement of these tanks the Council's engineers have so managed the current that the sludge is deposited near to the settling tanks, from which it is forced by pumps through tubes laid upon a jetty into the sludge ships. It has not been found profitable to reduce the water in the sludge beyond 85 to 90 per cent. In the warm season, from May to October, a process of deodorising is carried on, at an average cost of about £30,000 a year, by adding to the effluent a solution of permanganate of soda with some admixture of sulphuric acid. This is done at the outfalls and at about twenty stations upon the Metropolitan main sewers. It will be some time yet before all these operations are in perfect working order at Barking and Crossness, but if we suppose that time to have arrived when the daily dry

weather flow of 160,000,000 gallons of sewage is duly screened and chemically treated and precipitated, and the 3,000 tons more or less of sludge daily carried off to sea, the effluent being further treated with permanganate of soda, will the result, poured into the stream at these points, equal in daily volume to the water supply of London, be worthy of a model city? I cannot reply in the affirmative, having no opinion to offer against the weight of authority which asserts that when we have done all this the effluent contains seven-eighths of the noxious salts of sewage.

The system has many opponents, and none more formidable or well informed than Sir Robert Rawlinson and Sir Henry Roscoe. The former has advocated entire abandonment of the system and conveyance of the sewage through Essex to the sea; the latter presented to the Main Drainage Committee a pamphlet leading to these conclusions: that the proposal of the Metropolitan Board, which the Committee have followed, is based on false principles—first, as regards the addition of lime and iron in the proportions recommended; second, as regards the addition of permanganate of soda to the effluent after precipitation in the quantities suggested; third, as regards the formation of underground settling tanks at Barking and Crossness; fourth, as regards pumping the sludge into tank steamers and sending it out to sea. I do not contradict, I am not qualified to criticise, this weighty opinion upon any point, nor do I believe that as to basis of principle the system adopted is in any respect defensible. Those who hold by it can do so only, it seems to me, upon claims of expediency sustained by the absence of any suggested and well supported alternative.

There are those who contend that British fisheries have been rendered more valuable and remunerative by the practice of pouring sewage into the estuaries of rivers. But no one who has witnessed the discharge of the sewage sludge of London in the Barrow Deep has been found to give evidence that it causes public injury. The Trinity Board direct the sludge ships, each containing a thousand tons, to the solitary channel between two sands, the northern and southern highways for vessels passing to the right and left. No vessels, except those specially constructed for this work, have been found suitable. The discharging valves are much below

the water line when the vessel is charged, but the surface of the sludge when the tanks are full is above the water line and forces the discharge, the vessel rising until the last of the sludge is forced out, when the valves have become visible. The ships run about a mile while discharging, leaving a dark trail of that length which soon disappears. A portion of the 10 or 15 per cent. of solid matter is discoloured sand, which in the discharge grinds with some injury through the bearings of the vessel's screw.

No one can be satisfied with this process who regards it with the ideas of perfection, or of the utmost economy or utility. But there it is, and those who are loudest in condemning it invariably adopt a modified tone of dissatisfaction after careful examination of the process, together with suggestions for some other method of disposal. Early in last year the Council, moved by the discontent of members with their inheritance of this sewage system and by the adverse comments of such notable experts as the distinguished engineer and chemist above referred to, instructed Sir Benjamin Baker and their chief engineer, Mr. A. R. Binnie, to examine and report upon the whole system, and their joint production, which was presented last month, conveys in complete accord the opinions of two eminent men, both new to the works and as completely competent and free from prejudice as men could be.

They report that "it will be hopeless, as it is happily unnecessary, to attempt to get a chemically pure river in the lower reaches." The sludge, they say, is a black offensive fluid not injurious to the health of the men employed in its manipulation at the outfalls or on board the sludge vessels. There is, they find, a marked improvement in the cleanliness of the foreshore near the Barking outfall, which was formerly covered with black mud but which is now returning to its original state of a gravelly foreshore with green algæ of the usual type, characteristic of the foreshore of the Thames in its cleaner parts. They have seen sufficient of the benefits already derived from the incomplete works to enable them to advise the Council without hesitation "to continue the operations now being carried out, as a great improvement in the state of the river will assuredly result when the entire volume of the sewage flowing from both the north and south sides of the Thames is chemically treated and pre-

cipitated at Barking and Crossness." They think it possible, as chemical knowledge advances, that the effluent may be improved, and it is obvious that such improved treatment can without difficulty be applied to the existing works. They regard as "singular" the allegation that the process adopted is barbarous, which they believe to be a process "based upon modern chemical research and involving the use of chemical appliances of a novel and ingenious type." As to cost they have no doubt that it is the cheapest system.

The Metropolitan Board made some experiments and pressed the sludge into manurial cake. But they could not dispose even of a small quantity of that manufacture. For such pressing, the sewage must be prepared with a much larger quantity of lime. The lime and iron treatment now adopted costs for materials about £18,000 a year, and for every grain to the gallon of dry weather flow ten tons of lime would be needed. Some processes involve the use of from thirty to forty grains of lime per gallon. Roughly, it may be said that every grain of lime so added would produce an additional one hundred tons of sludge ; and, if the sludge were pressed into cake, we must be prepared to find a market for certainly not less than eight hundred tons of such cake per day. The Board of Works gave the pressed cake to any persons who would fetch it away, but even so there was no demand; and the cost of production, including the extra quantity of lime required, could hardly be less than 4s. per ton. There is no doubt about the cost of the method now in practice. When the weirs have fallen in the precipitating tanks and the effluent has passed into the river or into storage until the ebb of tide, the floors are partially covered with sludge. From that stage, account has been taken of the cost of gathering the sludge into the smaller tanks from which it is forced into the ships, as well as of the expense of the vessels, their crews, and the voyages fifty miles from Barking to the discharge in Barrow Deep. The reporting engineers have also examined these charges and are of opinion that the cost is under 9d. per ton. If that estimate errs at all, I think it is on the side of excess. As to the sea and river, every observant opinion agrees with theirs, "that no evil influence of the slightest degree can be detected, and from a sanitary point of view this part of the process is beyond question most effectual."

By way of further apology for the system, it may be added that the dredgings of the Clyde, consisting principally of Glasgow sewage sludge, and those of the Tyne, the Tees, the Forth, and other rivers, are carried many miles out to sea and there discharged in preference to depositing them on lands near the rivers.

The low lands on both sides of the Thames are saturated with water and appear to need drainage rather than irrigation. It would be possible by pumping to lift the sewage to any part of England, but there is no evidence to suggest that such method of disposal would be profitable or permitted. There were many who hoped that it would be found practicable to convey the sewage through Essex to a discharge upon the vast and increasing beds of sand towards the North Sea, believing that as the agricultural uses of sewage became better known and appreciated the stream might be tapped on its way to any extent. But the engineers' report is decisive, that this plan would result in a filthy coast and failure. Their arguments are convincing that "if it were considered imperative to discharge the Metropolitan sewage into the sea in its crude condition without any risk of injury to the estuaries of the Thames, the Blackwater, and the Crouch, then the project for an outfall sewer fifty-six miles in length from Crossness to the deep water off Dungeness Point would be found worthy of serious consideration, as the selected point of discharge is free from the physical disadvantages pertaining to the Maplin Sands site. It is necessary to remember, however, that in any case crude sewage would still be discharged into the Thames during storms."

These arguments are irrefutable, but, in view of a model city, who can be content with "treatment" which results in our pouring into the Thames within the precincts of London a stream, cleared, indeed, of the most palpable refuse, but still divested, in the opinion of experts, of so very little of the noxious and putrescible qualities of sewage? I am disposed to wish that these precipitation works had been placed farther down the Thames, at Shellhaven on the Essex side and at an equally suitable point on the Kentish bank. But the works are fully contracted for and will soon be complete, and it is clearly the duty of the Council to make the best possible use of them. Our present efforts should, I suggest, be directed to the

most complete precipitation and removal of the sludge, and to such purification of the effluent as may be effected by the advance of chemical knowledge or by filtration, and in this last matter I should like to see a considerable experiment made upon low lands in Essex.

But the condition of the Thames may be, and will surely be vastly improved. Long after the Council commenced operations there were many hours in every week when the whole volume of sewage passed to the river without precipitation and generally without screening of any kind. That evil will be in part continued until the completion of the Crossness works and the alterations at Barking. Probably in twelve months none of the dry weather flow will pass to the river except as a screened and partially clarified effluent. But that will be only the beginning of improvement. The long continued discharge into the Thames has caused deposits which only time and labour will remove. But these deposits will pass away and will never in the same manner be renewed.

The main cause, however, of the foulness of the river in the Metropolitan area, and of floodings in low-lying districts which have caused such cruel suffering, is the insufficient capacity of the main sewers, which need a large supplement after thirty years' growth of London. If these floodings had occurred in Belgravia, or anywhere in the dwellings of the "classes," instead of in those of some of the humblest and the most unprovided of the people, I know that my last year's tenure of office as chairman of the Main Drainage Committee—painfully conscious as it was of these evils, for which the Council were powerless to present a remedy—would have been terribly distinguished. The Committee have not lost a moment in adopting the recommendations of the engineers as to remedial measures. On the north side, the incapacity of the Middle Level, or Oxford Street, sewer adds to the choking of the Low Level, or Embankment, sewer, which in parts must be little better than a cesspool, ready on the slightest rainfall to pour scarcely diluted sewage into the river. To remedy this great evil it is proposed to construct a new main sewer commencing at Paddington and passing by Euston and King's Cross to Old

Ford, whence there will be additional outfalls to Abbey Mills, and so on to Barking, a large increase of pumping power being made at Abbey Mills. The next evil to be dealt with on the north side is the present exclusion of such populous places as Tottenham, West Ham, Stratford, and the lower part of the Lea Valley from the drainage area. The sanction of Parliament is needed to bring these places into the general system, but the excessive pollution of the Lea, which contributes greatly to the foulness of the Thames, will not be stopped until this is accomplished. This will involve doubling of the outfall sewer between Abbey Mills and Barking, with increase of the effluent discharged at Barking to 150,000,000 gallons per day. To remedy very similar evils on the south side, it is proposed to construct a new main sewer, with beginnings at Balham, Streatham, and Deptford, with additional outfalls from Deptford to Crossness. These works would provide for an average dry weather flow of sewage of 280,000,000 gallons per day, from a population of 7,000,000, and in view of this addition of more than 100,000,000 gallons, the engineers suggest that it might be expedient to convey that quantity by a new outfall sewer from Barking and Crossness, in the latter case passing under the Thames, to Shellhaven, for discharge after treatment in the more ample waters of Sea Reach. This could, they say, be done by constructing a sewer 10ft. 9in. in diameter for a length of 18¾ miles. They estimate the cost of the requisite sewers on the north and south sides of the Thames at £2,220,000, and the cost of this auxiliary outfall to Sea Reach, with pumping engines at Rainham, reservoirs for precipitation, and outfall works for shipping sludge, at £1,600,000. If Crossness is to be relieved by contributing half the 100,000,000 gallons so taken on to Sea Reach, the cost would be £40,000 more.

It is clearly the most immediate obligation of the Council to construct the additional main sewers with the utmost despatch, and to expedite the completion and the fullest possible utility of the outfall works at Barking and Crossness. When these works are carried out the floodings will cease, and the Thames will be as different from its present state as that condition is from the pollution of thirty years ago. The river will still be liable in perhaps

twenty-four days of great rainfall every year to receive a volume of diluted sewage, which in the case of a rainfall of two inches in an hour—about the heaviest fall on record—would be a flood such as no sewers of practicable dimensions could contain, and including so small a proportion of sewage as to be virtually innoxious.

In giving much attention to this subject I have occasionally indulged in visions of a perfectly pure river, with an embankment beset with happy anglers and never showing any but perfectly translucent ripples in repugnant protest upon the bows of grimy barges. It is not difficult to master the facts of the case, and the public can judge fairly how far it is possible to approach this ideal in that which we all desire to make a model city. For myself, I have abandoned those ideas, and am convinced that, in regard to the pollution of the river, all evidences of population cannot be entirely suppressed. I believe that working upon the valuable lines of the engineers' report we shall, by the end of 1894, the term of the second Council and the knell of the six years' aldermen—of whom I am one by the quite undeserved favour of my elected colleagues—have carried the system of London drainage to a tolerable condition. But in that great and most useful work the Council will be constantly surrounded by all the fast rising lights of invention, and by the progress of chemical science, considerations which forbid the assertion that this plan or that will be the ultimate form of the dealing by local authority with matters of such vital importance to the health and welfare of the population.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

RELIGION AND PERSONAL INSIGHT.

IT often happens in controversy, as well as in other things, that lookers-on see most of the game; and this is specially true of much controversy about religion. The men who make it their particular business to argue are apt to become so occupied with certain details of the question that they lose all grasp, in the end, of its essential character; and in this condition people who are not professional arguers may be better critics of them than those who are. If religion is important to us at all it is important to us not as philosophers but as human beings; and the man or woman who will describe man's common experience has a right to raise a voice and let the philosophers hear it.

To persons, then, of this class, or at all events to a number of them, nothing can seem more strange than the evident good faith in which young thinkers eager for the fray, and intellectual veterans famous in other fields, are now attempting to prove one or other of these two things: either that, apart from Revelation, we can by seeking find out God in nature; or that, apart from Revelation, there is in nature no God to be found, because some of the greatest scientific minds of to-day cannot find Him either by the strongest microscope or the most profound natural philosophy. And these attempts, to the class of persons I speak of, seem more than strange; they seem mischievous—not, however, on those grounds of reverence or spiritual expediency which make some people deprecate all discussion of fundamentals, and which in many cases may be summed up in the saying that it is well to let sleeping dogs lie; but because the whole argument, as conducted on both sides, often seems to be as wide of the question at issue as it would be to discuss the conformation of the mountains in the moon in order to find a cause for agricultural distress.

Let us put the matter in this way. We all of us admit that such a thing as beauty exists ; we admit, too, that flowers are beautiful. Now we may divide and sub-divide the stalk of a flower, and discover that the thing called beauty forms none of its component parts. Hence, if we follow the methods of our modern disputants, we may argue that beauty, though we admit it to be instinctively knowable, is nothing and does not exist. It is precisely in this way that men pull to pieces nature and natural law, and, finding no God there, say He does not exist. And yet the existence of God, like the existence of beauty, is discoverable by a different faculty and by widely different means.

Indirectly, and by the evidence and the teaching of others, God may be found by all men. But to find Him directly, so as to reveal or bear witness of Him to others, is given to the few only. God, in fact, is to be found in this sense, just as beauty and music are to be found, only by the temperament that responds to the secret voices not heard by all men. The musical and the artistic temperament, we are told by school-inspectors and others, are hardly to be found amongst more than three children in each hundred. The temperament that gives rise to natural religion is probably just as rare. This is the temperament that was described by Wordsworth, when he said :

> The stars of midnight shall be dear
> To her, and she shall lean her ear
> In many a secret place,
> Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
> And Beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face.

This temperament—let us call it what we will—imaginative, creative or inspired. It is enough here to describe it as the temperament which, wherever it may be born, however it may be educated, will yet have the finer ear to discern the still small voice, as in widely different circumstances did Socrates and Elijah. By its own intuition or instinct it will perceive God in nature, and in the significance of every science. It is something which reason does not give and reason cannot take away ; and in everything the man endowed with it will be on the side of the angels.

But this temperament is not given to all. There are others, just as much inborn or given to men, which produce results very different. There is the temperament which renders its possessor conscious of material facts only; which makes him reduce all things in Heaven and earth to atoms and germs, which allows him to believe, indeed to know, nothing which he cannot weigh or measure; and whilst "all creation cannot pierce beyond the bottom of his eye," makes him cling to sight as the final test of truth. A man like this is as if he were born deaf, and, having no perception of music, should prove conclusively by his reason that the music of the spheres was a delusion, and should dismiss as too foolish for argument those whom he could not convince because they were not so deaf as he was.

Again, there are the temperaments, which are now, I suppose, called Agnostic, whose possessors almost perceive, but yet cannot affirm. Some of these are people who do believe, but believe indefinitely, vaguely, and who are quite sincere when they say "they do not know," and are too honest to take upon themselves a responsibility which they feel they have not earned. They are, perhaps, secretly conscious of a faith in "they know not what, that comes they know not whence." But they do know that whatever such faith comes from, it does not come from the sources which alone they think legitimate—logic or authority. Again, there are others, also calling themselves Agnostics, to whom the idea of God does not seem an unreasonable one. On the contrary, they realise with bitter intensity that all is chaos without Him. But they see that Nature is governed by physical law, and that the rising up of the sun and its going down can be explained without need of a fresh miracle every morning. They see no logical necessity for a Divine Intelligence; and relying absolutely on their logical faculties, they are despairingly Atheists in all except the name. Depending upon analysis for proof, they seek after a sign, and find none. And yet, conscious, perhaps, of reasoning powers at least above the average, they feel, in spite of their own unhappiness, a pitying contempt for those who still hope and believe, when they themselves see ground for neither belief nor hope. They find a new kind of superiority in the profession of ignorance; having known that belief for them-

selves' is at best but a Penelope's web, which though it were set up every night afresh would be again unravelled by the morning.

I am mentioning merely a few well-known types. We may all of us add others. The differences between them are explicable by one fact only—the fact that they are caused by difference of individual temperament. Nor in this view is there anything that should be really shocking to even the most devout. We know that the Sciences exist, and we know that the Arts exist, and any man may be taught something of any one of them. But we do not expect every man to be his own Newton, and to rediscover for himself the laws of gravity; or to be his own Titian or his own Beethoven, and rediscover for himself the laws of Beauty. Why, then, need we expect men in general to rediscover God by any conscious process of their individual intellects? And yet this is what our modern controversialists seem to expect us to do; or else, if we fail to do it, to admit that there is no God to discover.

Experience, which is stronger than all controversy, shows us that these men are wrong. It shows us that we do not reach God by arguing, any more than we reach Beauty. Men reach both by perception, by a peculiar insight, by being in the literal sense seers. It is not everyone who has this perception—who is a seer, but those who are seers may be the guides of those who are not. The few have the vision; the many must see through the eyes of the few. They do not see the glory of God itself, but they may see it on the faces of the prophets, when they come down from the mountain.

It is, however, of the few that we are now talking. The religion of these men, however much they reason about it and endeavour by reason to vindicate it in the face of their opponents, does not depend on the reason which they thus employ. It depends on their own gift of insight. All men reason alike, but all men do not see alike; and the difference between the believers and the unbelievers is, that they are not in possession of a common subject. The mind's eye of each has a different range of vision, just as the bodily eyes may be of different colours. The feud is a feud not of wits but of temperaments. The modern relaxation of the penalties once attached to vagaries of religious conviction shows all unconsciously the growing appreciation of this fact. We are

coming to feel, even if we do not yet consciously realise, that it is as absurd to punish a religious teacher for his convictions as it would be to punish him for the colour of his eyes or hair, or for his sense of music or his want of it.

This connection of faith with temperament is not materialism. It does not degrade spirit, but it raises matter. Matter and spirit may indeed be inseparably related; but the view just expressed is no more materialism than a great picture is the pigments with which it has been painted. Materialism is merely the wrong side of the tapestry of which spiritualism is the right side. Obviously, from the material side, our own lives and actions could be perfectly well described as being merely mechanical, and we ourselves as the automata of habit and custom. But we are aware that we have an overruling intellectual end and aim; and we know that without the motive power of our spiritual nature that gives the key to our smallest action, even the mechanical part of our lives would no longer hold together, but would presently fall into disruption and decay. In fact, in the material civilised world everything that exists is an incarnation of man's spiritual nature. Civilisation and all it means is nothing if not that. What are the ruins of antiquity and the towns of mediæval times, what are the pictures and poems and churches of the world, its Magna Chartas and its political constitutions, considered without their spiritual meaning, merely on their material side? Instead, then, of saying that we live in a material world, it would be far truer to say that we live in a spiritual world, since that is the cause of the other; and when we come to think of all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them we may well say that man's nature "doth then show likest God's" when his creative power transcends his analytic faculty.

And now, to return to the point from which we first started: if material civilisation and art are the incarnations of man's intelligence, is not the natural world a like incarnation of the Divine Intelligence? Do we not value "on earth the broken arc," because "in Heaven's the perfect round"? And are not the very imperfections of earth dear to us because of the ideal perfection which they suggest, and for which they plead?

Many people to these questions will answer with a contemptuous

No. Precisely. It is the very thing I am arguing. "The perfect round," and "ideal perfection"—such words, such thoughts, will mean nothing to them, because their temperaments can give no harbour to them. But whilst such men are blind and deaf, there are others who can hear and see; and there is hardly anything in life or nature which will not serve to illustrate this fact. In the fragility of beauty some men will see simple fragility and nothing more. Others will feel an appeal in it to their reverence and their tenderness; and by that very appeal it will make those qualities deeper. The weary lines in a worn, once lovely, face, which will seem to some eyes to mar its physical beauty, will hold with a charm him who can read the meaning right. The solitary pine-tree, blasted and bare, bowed to the winds, will make one soul thrill involuntarily with the memories of storms; whilst to another it will merely suggest the reflection, "Why cumbers it the ground?"

So, too, with regard to Nature generally, some men see God in it, some do not; just as some men see the vision of beauty in it, to which others, if their own sight is unaided, are blind. If anyone is shocked to hear the direct vision of God thus spoken of as a matter of temperament, let him visit the National Gallery, and see in the best works of art of every age what is the case with regard to the analogous vision of Beauty. That this is a matter of temperament is evident. Art is a gift, an inspiration that comes only from the Giver of all things, and cannot be created "by reason or the despotic will of man." If, then, it is only given to the few to have a direct vision of God's beauty in Nature, why should it be thought a hard saying that it is only given to the few to have a direct vision of God's existence in Nature? Why it is given to the few only, who shall say? But so it is. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

NORAH GRIBBLE.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION AND THE FREE SCHOOL QUESTION.

THE supporters of Church schools must look deeper than the percentage of passes secured by their scholars or the merit grant obtained by their schools to provide a standard by which their continued efforts in behalf of elementary education are to be judged, and to justify the great sacrifices they have made and are still making. They commenced their labours long before political popularity or Government grants could be gained by what they did, and their object was and is the moral and religious education of the people, as well as their instruction in secular learning. It is necessary, therefore, to say something of the past in order to show how consistently this principle has controlled their action throughout.

Whilst saying this, it must not be supposed that for one moment I admit the superiority of Board schools. They spend more, and they cram more, and by these means are enabled to secure a slightly larger percentage of passes, and by their costly buildings and expensive appliances are able to obtain somewhat higher merit grants. But for the solid instruction of the children, and for moulding their characters, for the tone of the schools, and for their influence upon the children's morals and behaviour, voluntary schools can fearlessly challenge comparison with those of the Board; and there is nothing in the evidence given before the Education Commission, or in the Report of that Commission, to support any other conclusion.

Nearly two centuries ago Churchmen made great efforts to promote popular education; they raised considerable sums of money, and built and supported elementary schools in London and many large

towns and in some less thickly inhabited places. So little were their efforts appreciated by those whom they were anxious to benefit, that the schools had not only to be free, but clothing had to be given to the children attending them, in order to induce their parents to send them. But the effort was deemed worth the cost, as immorality and unbelief were making great advances, and it was recognised that only by educating the children aright could improvement be hoped for.

The wars in which the country was engaged during a large part of last century, the absence of commercial or manufacturing enterprise and the consequent distress of the people, prevented the extension of educational efforts, and, in fact, at the end of the century education was at a lower level than at the commencement.

With the discovery of steam power and its application to manufactures the demand for more educated labour began to be seriously felt, and partly owing to this, and partly to the promptings of religious motive, early in the present century, there was a great revival of educational zeal. This was quickened by what must seem to us a very unnecessary anxiety to claim the invention of what has long been condemned as a most unsatisfactory mode of teaching children. At the same time, or nearly so, Dr. Bell had introduced into Church schools, and Dr. Lancaster into Nonconformist schools, the plan of teaching children in large classes. They read and repeated their lessons simultaneously, and it was thought that in this way the cost of teaching could be reduced to a minimum, whilst the education given would be valuable. The former object was achieved, not the latter. At that time it was proposed that Churchmen and Nonconformists should unite to promote one general scheme of education for the whole nation, but the religious difficulty was found to make this impossible. Churchmen held that schools ought to form the moral and religious character of the children, and they believed that this could only be effected by a true foundation being laid. That foundation they held to be the Christian religion: and as they believed their own Church to incalculate what the Divine Master had taught, they desired that the children, for whose education they were responsible, should be brought up in Church principles, and that

the Church Catechism should be taught in all their schools, and should describe the character of the religious instruction to be given. The underlying principle of this teaching was that the children had been brought into covenant relations with their Saviour; that it was essential for them to understand those relations and their responsibility with respect to them, and the consequent weal or woe dependent upon their fulfilment of them. It was thought that in no other way could they be expected to grow up good Christian people.

On the other hand, the Nonconformists of the day had a different idea of the nature of the religious teaching that ought to be imparted. With the exception of the different bodies of Methodists, most of the Nonconformists were strongly imbued with the principles of Calvinism, the fundamental doctrine of which is that some have been predestined for salvation, others for damnation. To teach all children that they were in a covenant of grace seemed to them untrue; they therefore held that the right system of religious instruction was the imparting of a general knowledge of what is taught in Holy Scripture, that so the elect might be prepared for the sensible conversion which they were certain to experience as years advanced, whilst those not so favoured were not taught to expect blessings which never could be theirs. Since then the Calvinistic bias has largely diminished, but the character of the religious instruction which it advocated has been persevered in, though from a different motive.

To further the Church's system of education, work that had previously been committed to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was entrusted to a new society, the National Society, called into existence for the purpose; about the same time the various sects of Nonconformists united in founding the British and Foreign School Society, to which were attracted not only those religious bodies which held the Calvinistic doctrine, but also others, like the Unitarians, to whom the absence of definite religious teaching approved itself; but from this society the great body of Wesleyan Methodists held aloof.

Both societies were desirous of furthering popular education and were ready to accept improvements in their buildings and

manner of teaching when suggested. For many years they had to struggle on in the face of opposition; a portion of the upper classes denying that their poorer neighbours would be benefited by education, whilst the great majority of the poorer classes were apathetic and indifferent, and could only be persuaded to send their children to school by the advantage of the clothing offered them, by having nothing to pay, and by clergy and others interested in their welfare urging them to do so.

During this period there were no Government grants, no popular favour, no political advantage to be gained by furthering elementary schools. Church people expended some millions of money on what they regarded as a religious and philanthropic object. The growth of manufacturing industries, the great increase of wealth, the frequent acquisition of riches by men of the labouring classes tended to remove prejudices against popular education that had previously existed; so that when the first Reform Bill was passed there was a rapidly-growing feeling that something ought to be done to secure education for the great mass of the nation.

This feeling was greatly deepened and called into active and sympathetic action by the discovery that a considerable portion of the people in the manufacturing districts were growing up in absolute ignorance of all religion. Population had greatly increased; not so the number of churches and clergymen. Until 1819 no church could be built without an Act of Parliament authorising it, consequently very little church building went forward. Towards the close of the fourth decade of this century there were serious riots in many of the manufacturing districts, and it was found that the prisoners who were concerned in them had for the most part received no religious instruction. Many of them had never been taught that there was a God; still fewer had learned to believe in the Saviour of the world, or in the account they would one day have to give for the deeds done in the body, and the consequent blessing or woe that would ensue. When this was brought to light at the trial of the prisoners, it stirred the religious conscience of the nation. Churchmen became more anxious than ever to provide schools in which the children might be taught the truths of Christianity as well as secular learning. Immense sums were subscribed for the

purpose, and national schools sprang up in most parishes in the country.

When so much was being done by private religious effort it cannot be a matter for surprise that the Government of the country became anxious to take part in what promised to be popular. At first it made small grants towards building schoolrooms, entrusting to the National Society and to the British and Foreign School Society the task of distributing the money voted, according to prescribed conditions, amongst the Church and Nonconformist schools which they represented. Then followed the formation of the Education Department, which did much to further the progress of elementary education and to improve its quality. With tolerably equal hand it dealt out the benefits which it conferred, and until 1870 it recognised that religion ought to form the basis of any system of popular education, and so required that the schools which it assisted should be in connection with some religious body.

By the Education Act of 1870 the State for the first time professed to disclaim all connection between the education it assisted and religion. The millions that the Church and other religious communities had expended in erecting and supporting schools, and colleges for the training of teachers; the covenants into which the Education Department had practically entered with the various religious bodies by assenting to their trust deeds and voting grants to enable those deeds to be fulfilled, made it impossible, without the grossest breach of public faith and inflicting a serious blow on the rights and inviolability of property, to interfere with the status of existing schools and educational corporations. Parliament was content, therefore, to impose certain restrictive conditions on the religious teaching given in denominational schools, and to withdraw the oversight of such teaching from its inspectors: this whilst continuing its assistance towards the maintenance of the schools. At the same time it withdrew, after an interval of grace extending over a few months, the help it had previously afforded towards the increase of such schools. Moreover, those who were responsible for the Act were profuse in their assurances that they regarded the existing schools as the basis of the elementary educational system of the country, and that the schools they proposed

to supply in a different fashion were only to make good deficiencies: they were to supplement, not to supplant, the schools and the educational system that were then in possession of the field.

It was thus that the Board school system sprang into existence; but the Act which created it reversed the principle of equity between the various religious bodies on which the State had hitherto acted, and whilst professing to dissociate the help it gave to schools from all connection with religion, it did so in a manner hostile to one of the existing systems, whilst practically adopting and establishing the other as a national educational religion. In reality it endowed with the educational rates of the country the Nonconformists, with whom the Liberal party, which was then in power, was allied, and so made it impossible for Churchmen and some other religious bodies to acquiesce in the system then inaugurated as the national one. I have already pointed out the difference between the character of the religious teaching which Church people and Nonconformists thought essential for the moral and religious education of the children for whom they are responsible. The Act of 1870 accepted the Nonconformist system, with this only difference, that the schools might be taught on the principles of the pure Secularists if the people so desired; but such teaching as Church people insisted upon as absolutely necessary they did their best to make impossible. Practically, therefore, there were thus made two established religions in the country: the one apparently designed for adults, or at all events for those capable of being instructed from the pulpit, and endowed by tithes given in past ages by individuals; the other designed for the children of the labouring people, and endowed with the school rates of the country, levied compulsorily under the authority of an Act of Parliament. It is only twenty years since this last endowment was given, and its amount increases annually. Already it greatly exceeds what all the parochial clergy receive from tithes; the commuted annual value of these is £2,412,103, which by the system of averages is worth only £1,883,500 this year; whilst the education rate last year amounted to £2,718,891. There is also this further difference between the two endowments, that from the tithes has to be deducted the cost

of collection, whilst the education rate represents the net amount paid into the exchequer of the School Boards.

The Education Act called into existence a number of eager supporters of elementary education who had been indifferent to the question so long as it largely depended upon the liberality of its supporters, but who became enthusiastic when the funds had to be furnished by the ratepayers, and there was some local distinction to be gained by the administration of them; and when, moreover, the new system could be used as a weapon of offence against the Established Church.

It is only when these facts are taken into consideration that the true character of such sentences as the following, which recently appeared in this REVIEW, can be estimated at their proper value, and their *liberality* and *generosity to opponents* duly appreciated.

"Among the many abuses which follow from delegating to irresponsible and private managers the authority over most of our public school system is the vague and arbitrary power of taxation enjoyed by them through the school fee" (p. 239).

"The truth is that no reform in the management of the voluntary schools is worth looking at which does not secure the transfer of the appointment of the teacher from private and denominational patronage to the elected representatives of the locality" (p. 243).

"But before we can be considerate of minorities we claim for the majorities, that is, the community as a whole, the absolute right of managing and directing the schools to which the children are bound to go. If the local community as a whole is Anglican the elected School Board will reflect the views of the community. If, as in Wales, the community is not as a rule Anglican, it is a clear hardship that the State should perpetuate by its grants a system of school government which subjects the school to influences adverse to the general sentiment of the community" (p. 244).

To speak of the State delegating the management of Church schools to the existing managers is ludicrous. The Church has spent over £30,000,000 on the elementary education of the country, and the State has not seen fit to confiscate schools that owe their existence to private liberality, or to rob their managers of the right to control them. This control is the security that the instruction

given in them will not be entrusted to persons of any religion or none, and that the religious purpose which their founders had in view will not be lost sight of. Is it necessary to say that religion can only be taught effectually by those who believe what they teach? What would be the effect of a Roman Catholic or a Secularist teaching religion in a Church school? What is the effect of Atheists teaching in the elementary schools of France?

But the third of the paragraphs is the most disingenuous. "The local community," however Anglican, Roman, or Jewish it may be, could only teach religion on lines of which it disapproves if the whole education of the country was committed to School Boards fettered by the existing law relative to the teaching of religion. The State has tied the hands of the managers, so that if every man, woman, and child in the district of a School Board desired and petitioned that the Church, or any other religious Catechism, should be taught in its schools, it could not grant their request. These schools have been made Nonconformist or Secularist by Act of Parliament, and if those who advocate so strongly the right of representatives, popularly elected, to decide how the schools of the locality should be carried on really believe what they advocate, let them prove the sincerity of their convictions by procuring the repeal of the Cowper-Temple Clause, and so leaving the most important subject to be dealt with at the discretion of elected representatives. The real difficulty of the question is a religious one, and so long as the State regulation endows Nonconformity or Secularism with the education rates of the country, those who desire a different system of religious instruction cannot be satisfied.

I have not cared to deal with statements that seem to lower the fight over the education question to a mere party or political contest, such, *e.g.*, as a regard for "a good teacher who is not subservient to the clerical needs being liable to be dismissed"; or "a fear that the village schoolmaster may be forced to be a political partisan," because "the mass of the Established clergy belong to the Conservative party"; or "to many clergymen the Church school means an organist and Sunday-school teacher for nothing"; or "the schoolmaster is in many ways made the assistant of the clergyman. Sometimes he is required to be a lay preacher," and so on. Those

who can only estimate the value of the education given by its effect upon party politics, or by the benefit or injury it will inflict upon the Church, or its excellence by the percentage of passes and the character of the merit grant, do well to limit their remarks on the education question to what bears on these and similar topics. They serve to divert attention from the real point at issue and to hide, as they may think, or to manifest, as it may appear to others, the narrow sectarian spirit by which they are actuated. To me the only matter really worthy of serious debate, and to which all others should be subjected, is the consideration of what system will raise up the most patriotic and law-abiding citizens and implant in them principles which will lead them, in the fear of God, to be honest, sober, pure, truthful, honourable, upright men and women. The test I should wish to see applied to all schools would be the manner in which those educated in them answer to these conditions after they have been proved for a few years by the trials and temptations of ordinary life.

Perhaps it may be said that so far as we can apply these tests they prove the excellence of our modern system. It may be said that the number of criminals tried has fallen from 17,578 in 1870 to 12,099 in 1889, the latest return. Those who put forward this argument ignore or forget the very serious alterations in the criminal law that have been made in the interval, and the enormous extent to which these alterations affect the result.

In 1870 there were 11,539 children in these institutions; in 1889 27,938. Then, again, the number of offences summarily dealt with has grown from 526,869 in 1870 to 689,158 in 1889; whilst the cost of the police has increased from £2,182,521 in 1870 to £3,734,916 in 1889, and this although we were assured that the saving in our police rate would pay the education rate. I would also cite the rapid growth of strikes, with the barbarous manner in which those engaged in them treat those not connected with their organisations, as an illustration of the influence which the change in the religious instruction given in so many schools has had upon the people brought up in them; for it must be remembered that it is frequently said by the newspapers that the mass of those most prominent in strikes are the younger men. In 1870 such

events were comparatively rare; in 1891 the daily papers are seldom, if ever, found without some information concerning them. Before 1870 the basis of the moral teaching was the fear of God: since then it has been in many schools the influence which immorality of any kind may have upon a man's position in the world, and success in acquiring money; or, in other words, enlightened selfishness.

And now to turn from the principle at stake in the discussion of the education question to that of free education, which is for the moment specially before us. It is not correct to say that "the National Society has capitulated," and we have yet to see what the Conservative party will do when the subject is discussed in Parliament. What it would be correct to say is that the National Society has determined to stand aside until the proposals of the Government are before the country, and then to determine what line it will take with regard to those proposals. The question as at present stated is a political, rather than an educational, one. It is brought forward because it is expected to benefit a large class of the poorer members of the community, not with the design of benefiting the schools or education. For the Church to have opposed before it knew what the proposal was would have been represented by those now taunting it for silence as hindering those who needed the help from gaining it. I do not see how the payment of the children's fees by the Government can in any way alter the relations of the managers of the schools to Government. It would certainly be difficult to regard the remission of fees as a principle, when at the outset we have seen that all elementary schools were free. It is also clear that it must be a matter of indifference to the managers by whom the fees are paid. It is assumed that the amount the Government will pay will only represent the average sum now paid, and as managers can now claim the fees from the parents, the schools will be no gainers. If, as in the case of all averages, some are benefited, it must follow that others will be sufferers to an equal extent. On what, then, does the claim rest for more popular control over the schools in the event of the Government paying the children's fees instead of their parents? Or if the claim is made for greater

influence to be given to the State, it must not be forgotten that the Education Department has already overwhelming power in all that relates to elementary education; so that there is no ground left for the Government claiming more authority in the management. The buildings in which it is to be carried on must be erected according to plans of which the Education Department has approved; or, if already built, they must be altered to suit its requirements. The only teachers who can be employed must have received its authorisation to teach, whilst it determines the minimum number that must be employed. The curriculum of study must be that which it directs, and the hours which are to be devoted to each subject must be approved by its appointed officer. An inspector commissioned by it has to visit the schools annually, and unless its requirements have been complied with there will be no grant made, whilst the sum actually awarded depends entirely upon his award. The hours in which religious teaching can be given are fixed by its unalterable rule, and every child who wishes to be exempted from such teaching has only to express the wish for it to be complied with. The liberty of the managers is therefore brought within the narrowest limits, and the chief—almost the only—matters left for them to decide are the character of the religious teaching to be given to those willing to receive it, and the selection of the persons (out of those approved by Government) by whom it may be given, and to supply the funds needed to carry on the schools; whilst their task in obtaining such funds in School Board districts is enormously increased by their subscribers having to pay heavy rates for the maintenance of a system which they disapprove, and the funds they have to raise being increased by their school being compelled to pay out of its scanty revenues towards the support of the hostile schools, which are endowed to whatever extent their managers like with the whole wealth of the community.

ROBERT GREGORY,
Dean of St. Paul's.

EXERCISE AND TRAINING.

I. EXERCISE.

ALTHOUGH every form of exercise is in its degree training, and, on the other hand, the larger part of training is exercise, it will tend to "lucidity" to deal with the two subjects separately. As exercise is the physical duty of every man, woman, and child, while training is necessary only in the case of candidates for Olympic crowns, or rather, the cups which are their modern equivalents, it will be convenient to begin with the former.

That a certain amount of exercise is needful for health is one of the few things about which all doctors are agreed, and one of the still fewer things as to which medical teaching is submissively accepted by the non-professional public. Unfortunately, intellectual assent no more implies practical performance in the domain of hygiene than in that of morals. It is by those "in populous cities pent," by professional and business men chained to the desk or the consulting room, and by women, that exercise is most apt to be neglected. With regard to young ladies, indeed, it is not so very long since nearly all exercise worthy of the name was tabooed by Mrs. Grundy as only fit for tomboys and as tending to give an appearance of robust health which was thought to be incompatible with refinement. More rational notions are now beginning to prevail, however, and the limp anæmic maiden with uncomfortable prominences is rapidly giving place to a type more like the Greek ideal of healthy womanhood. The ruddy-cheeked, full-limbed girl of to-day, who climbs mountains, rides, swims, rows, and is not afraid of the health-giving kisses of the god of day, is a living illustration of the value of exercise. She is healthier, stronger, more

lissom, and withal more intellectual, more energetic and self-reliant, as well as more amiable and better tempered, than her wasp-waisted beringleted great-grandmother, with her languid elegance and her Draconian code of feminine decorum. In the physical "betterment" which is so conspicuous in the girls of the period lies the best hope for the future of our race.

A belief appears to be widely entertained that there is a certain antagonism between brain power and muscular development, and it is inferred that we are as inferior to our forefathers in bodily prowess as we are superior to them in intellectual activity. The moral is supposed to be pointed by the example of the "noble savage"; and the lithe, sinewy frames of the Zulus and Hadendowas are contrasted with the less powerful physique of our men. So far, however, from physical deterioration being a necessary consequence or accompaniment of intellectual progress, there can be little doubt that we are, on the whole, better men than our predecessors in body as well as in mind. Your antique Roman was a fine specimen of the human animal, as is still visible to us in his big bones and the rough imprint left thereon by the mighty thews and sinews which once moved them. Modern Englishmen, however, need fear no comparison in this respect with the noblest Roman of them all. As regards our own ancestors, we have a sure proof that they were inferior to us in physique in the fact that the armour in the Tower is much too small for the Guardsmen of the present day. Of course, so many stunted inheritors of generations of physical and moral disease people the slums of our great cities, and so many "unfit" persons are now kept alive by improved medical art, who in the good old times would not have survived infancy, that I daresay, if the whole population is taken into account, our average height and chest girth might make a poor show beside those of certain nations of antiquity and some savage races of the present day. The case would, however, be different if our large stock of weaklings which modern benevolence and science save from premature "elimination" were first deducted from the total.

Though "muscular Christianity"—that curious cult of the biceps as a divinely appointed instrument for the regeneration of sinners—may be said to have died with its prophet, the principle that the

mental faculties require for their fullest exercise a basis of bodily health remains as a solid residue of Charles Kingsley's teaching. Other things being equal, the race that is strongest in muscle will also be most powerful in brain. The intellectual predominance of the Greeks was, I am convinced, largely due to their almost religious care of the body. The Germans were mere Dryasdust pedants and unprofitable dreamers till the institution of compulsory military service by Stein, after the crushing defeat of the Prussians at Jena, wrought a physical regeneration which speedily enabled them to take their place in the forefront of intellectual progress. In like manner, under the energising influence of the drill sergeant, a physical renaissance has within our own memory taken place in Italy, whereby the subtle brains of her sons are being rapidly weaned from *concetti* and dilettante trifling to manlier objects.

That proper exercise of the body is a powerful factor in the development of the mind is no paradox, but a plain physiological truth. Without a sufficient supply of pure blood the brain can no more do its work efficiently than a steam engine without coal; and without muscular exercise purification of the blood is incomplete and inadequate for the needs of the intellectual machine when it is subjected to any extraordinary strain. A nation of laggards in the flesh will also be sluggish in spirit, and brains half asphyxiated by imperfectly aërated blood will breed nothing but unwholesome mysticism, criticism of life in Count Tolstoi's later style, and schemes for the regeneration of society akin to that by which Medea tried to renew the youth of her father. The "long-haired men and the short-haired women," whose chief notion of social reform seems to be the abolition of self-restraint, would be healthier in mind as well as in body if they would ventilate the close chambers of their brains by regular outdoor exercise. If, amidst the hysterical sentimentalism which is one of the "notes" of these *fin de siècle* days, the English mind yet retains a good deal of its old robust virility, this is principally due to the healthy love of field sports which is still the "badge of all our tribe."

Our zeal for physical culture is not, however, always according to knowledge, and while our enthusiasm for exercise is often at fever heat when we are "juvenile and curly," it is apt to fall to zero

when the waist has become simply a "geographical expression." From excess as well as from insufficiency of bodily movement much harm may result, and it may therefore be of some use to explain in ordinary language the general principles which should govern the exercise of the muscles at different periods of life. The application of these principles in particular cases must be left to each individual's own judgment, but I hope to be able to furnish some hints for guidance. The reader need hardly be reminded that I speak from the medical rather than the athletic point of view.

Before going further, a few words must be said as to the physiology of exercise—that is to say, its effects on the body generally and on its various parts and organs individually. There is a natural craving in the muscles for movement, as there is in the stomach for food and in the lungs for air. This feeling is the expression of a physiological need which can only be disregarded at the expense of health. Want of exercise means disuse of the muscles, and disuse is inevitably followed by wasting. Anyone who has seen a broken limb that has been kept motionless in splints even for a few weeks must have noticed how lean and shrivelled it appears—how "fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt" by the side of its fellow-member.

The effects of exercise are twofold—first, local, on the muscles themselves, and secondly, general, on the body as a whole. The former produces muscular strength, the latter the state of functional perfection of the vital organs and harmonious co-operation of their several activities which constitutes health. Muscular strength and vigour of constitution are not at all the same thing, though they are often confounded by ignorant athletes and their trainers. A first-rate athlete may have within him the germs of consumption or be otherwise unsound, and muscular power may even be developed at the expense of the rest of the system, as the memory may be cultivated to the detriment of the other mental faculties.

The *local* effects of exercise consist in an increase in bulk and a hardening of the substance of the muscles brought directly or indirectly into play by the movements executed. These effects are well exemplified in persons whose occupation involves the constant use of one set of muscles, and the experienced eye can often read

a man's trade in the peculiarities of his muscular development. Muscular specialism, in fact, leaves its mark on the body as clearly as intellectual specialism, when not corrected by general culture, does on the mind. It is the frequent contraction of the muscles, even more than the force employed, that produces such remarkable effects; the musical conductor's biceps is developed by the light rod he wields as certainly as the blacksmith's by his hammer, and the late Sir Michael Costa had a right arm which many a brawny son of Vulcan might have envied. The overgrown calves of *premières danseuses* may also be cited as instances in point. Balzac in *La Dernière Incarnation de Vautrin* mentions "the formidable breadth and thickness of the hands" which was the only thing about Sanson, the son of the executioner of Louis XVI., that betrayed his descent from an unbroken line of public headsmen extending over six centuries. In most persons the right hand is bigger than the left, because it is more used, and a friend who, like Cato, has begun to play the violoncello in mature age, has just shown me that the fingers of his left hand are already about an eighth of an inch broader than those of his right from manipulation of the strings. In the lame the sound leg is disproportionately large, owing to its having to do double work. I have often been struck when abroad by the relatively enormous development of the arms and shoulders in beggars whose lower limbs were disabled and who had therefore to drag themselves along with their hands.

Exercise not only causes an increase in the size of the muscles but betters the quality of their tissue. The fibres gain in elasticity as well as in strength, and become at once freer and more accurate in their action; they are less easily fatigued, and recover their tone more quickly. In a word, the functional efficiency as well as the structure of muscle is improved by exercise, and, as Helmholtz has pointed out, practice creates *a habit* whereby in any given act only the muscles necessary for the required movements contract. The maximum of work is done with the minimum expenditure of energy.

The *general* effects of exercise are produced mainly through the agency of the heart and lungs. The stress of violent exertion, as everyone knows, makes the breathing more rapid, and the beat of

the heart quicker and stronger, than under ordinary conditions. The greater rapidity of respiration means that more oxygen is taken into the lungs, and therefore more blood is cleansed of the physiological sewage thrown into it by the tissues through which it has passed in its circulation through the body; while by the increased activity of the heart this purified blood is distributed in greater abundance to every part of the economy. The lungs and the heart themselves share in the good effects of exercise, and thus become still more able to do their appointed work; the chest grows more capacious, the lungs larger and more elastic, the heart firmer in structure and more vigorous in action. The little muscles which encircle the stomach and the intestinal tube are quickened into greater activity, while their contractile power is increased, a matter which, trifling as it may seem, is of incalculable importance for the health of the mind as well as of the body. The other internal organs, those secret laboratories where Nature performs feats of chemical transmutation beyond the dreams of alchemy, and the glands of various kinds, any derangement of whose functions may give rise to seas of trouble against which medicine takes arms in vain, are enabled to work to better advantage by being supplied with better raw material in the shape of more generous blood. The body is at once better nourished and kept more free from the burdensome accumulation of superfluous tissue by the more rapid and complete removal of waste matters. The nerves, too, and the brain, which is, as it were, the sun of the nervous system, are maintained in the highest state of functional efficiency in the same way as the other organs. The general effects of exercise are therefore, briefly, a more abundant supply of better blood to all tissues and organs; hence all the component elements of the body are better nourished, so that each is able to play its allotted part to the best possible advantage. In fact, the effects of exercise may be summed up in half a dozen words: Better fuel, and more of it, for the vital engine.

It must not be supposed that all forms of exercise produce exactly the same effects. Some develop particular groups of muscles, while the others, together with the great physiological centres—the heart, the lungs, and the brain—have, as it were, to

"stand out." Thus, in lifting weights or executing movements of any kind with one arm, though the limb may become tired out, one does not become hot or "blown"; the exercise is almost purely local. If all the limbs, however, are thrown into rapid and violent movement, as in running, boxing, or swimming, the heart and the lungs join in the dance, and the whole stream of life is for the moment quickened and broadened and deepened. Local exercise, though of course beneficial to the muscles involved, has little or no influence on the health, because its effects are merely local. For hygienic purposes it is not so much the muscles as the internal organs that need to be exercised, but this can only be done by movements which bring them into rapid play. Hence chamber gymnastics and the highly elaborate acrobatic movements which require complicated arrangements of ropes and bars and pulleys (though I am far from wishing to deny their value) can never take the place of old-fashioned games for the young, and riding and walking for those declined into the vale of years.

The manifold evils arising from deficient exercise need not be dwelt upon here. I need only say that if a proper amount of exercise is not taken, not only do the muscles become weak and flabby but the functions of every organ and the soundness of every tissue must suffer. There is imperfect elimination of waste matters, the muscles and the internal organs become encumbered with superfluous fat, the heart becomes weak, the lungs are never thoroughly emptied and gradually lose their elasticity, appetite dwindles to vanishing point, digestion becomes a burden only to be borne with wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the joy and brightness of health give place to incapacity for either work or pleasure, irritability and "leaden-eyed despair." In the young particularly exercise is necessary for moral as well as for physical health; in violent movement in the open air their superabundant nervous energy finds free vent; if pent up it is too likely to force a way out in wrong directions.

In the next article I shall apply the principles now laid down, and shall explain the amount and kind of exercise required at different ages.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

BOOKS AND PLAYS.

I HAVE before me a little pile of books, all of which appeal very directly to me. Here are a couple of volumes of essays, a couple of volumes of memoirs, a couple of novels, and a volume of wizardry. They are very different works, and the works of very different men. One, indeed, is but the voice of a thin shade, the voice of one who being dead yet speaketh ; grim evidence from the grave. But the rest are the books of living men.

Essays in Little. By Andrew Lang. (Henry and Co.)

Let me begin with the book which has given me the most pleasure, the *Essays in Little* of Mr. Andrew Lang. No more delightful volume has come in my way for long enough. Here we have our author in all his moods and on all his favourite topics. There is an essay on Dumas which makes the reader turn at once to the shelves where the long array of volumes rest and hesitate between the *Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Dame de Montsoreau.* As for the essay on the study of Greek, it ought to be reprinted and scattered broadcast by the champions of Hellenism against the anti-classicists.

Les Memoires du Prince de Talleyrand. Vols. I. and II. (Paris : Calmann Levy. English Translation, Vol. I. Griffith and Farran.)

The memoirs of which I spoke are painfully disappointing. Everybody who cares about the history of the French Revolution has been looking forward to these memoirs, longing for their publication, eagerly counting the years ; and now that they are at last laid, in part, before us, they seem hardly to be worth so much excitement. Their chief defect is that they have so little to do with the revolutionary period. What importance they have is almost entirely Napoleonic. The portrait of the Duke of Orleans is indeed interesting. No bitterer attack has been made upon that besmirched memory. This voice from the dead denounces Equality Orleans with an invective which is only the more merciless for being carefully measured. The account, too, of the interview between Talleyrand and D'Artois before the ignominious Flight of

Princes is a picturesque historical picture. But on the whole students of the great Revolution have gained little by the Talleyrand memoirs. They are scarcely more valuable to us than the box of dominoes which Talleyrand gave to Mr. Labouchere, in the days when Mr. Labouchere was a small boy and dreamt not of Northampton.

The Light that Failed. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

The two novels on my list differ from each other, not merely in the difference of their language, but in their conception, in their purpose, in the literary laws under which each is written. What Mr. Rudyard Kipling thinks of Zola I do not know, but it is scarcely likely that the devout admirer of "Gyp" could be a very great admirer of the Zola method. What M. Zola would think of Mr. Rudyard Kipling it is easier to imagine. He would regard him as a Romanticist—and M. Zola hates Romanticists; he would decline to accept him as a realist, as a naturalist; he would seek in vain for proof of the influence of Claude Bernard's scientific theories in *The Light that Failed*, and he would bemoan the absence of documents. "Romance without documents does not exist," M. Zola observed sententiously to an admiring interviewer the other day. This is a phrase, nothing more. The romance exists, if it is interesting, whether it is as fanciful as an Arabian tale or as packed with documents as a Blue-book. I only know that, speaking for myself, I have found *L'Argent* terribly tough reading—the toughest reading of all the Rougon-Macquart series. I much prefer M. Zola as an essayist. As for Mr. Kipling's story, it would be a very admirable story for many writers: it is not a very admirable story for Mr. Kipling. We expect better things now from the man who wrote *The Man who would be King* and *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Mr. Kipling is unkind, for he makes us fall in love with Maisie from the moment when her black hair first streams, wind-blown, across the boy's face, and now in his revised version he makes us hate her, which is human, perhaps, but disagreeable. In his first version of the book we were allowed to part from her in peace and in love, which was more likeable, and just as true to real life as the cynicism of the new form. When is Mr. Kipling going to give us the wonderful romance of Jellalludeen Macintosh, *Mother Maturin?*

L'Argent. Par Emile Zola. (Paris: Charpentier.)

Gipsy Sorcery and Fortune-Telling. By C. G. Leland. (Fisher Unwin.)

To anyone who is at all "aficionado" with the great brotherhood of gipsydom all over the world Mr. Leland's new book will be a large delight. Anyone who has steeped his spirit in the adventures of Lavengro, who has ever tried to "rakker Romany" with a Lee or a Cooper on a windy English heath, or striven to make acquaintance with the "crabbed Gitano," the assumed command of which earned Borrow so much respect in a Spanish prison, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Leland for all his fascinating books upon the gipsies and their ways. To this debt he has now added by his handsome volume on *Gipsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling*, a volume which will be the joy of every member of the Gipsy Lore Society, and of every would-be Romanichal who has ever tried to string six words of Romany together.

Impressions and Opinions. By George Moore. (David Nutt.)

I began with a volume of essays; I will end with a volume of essays, and a very curious volume of essays, the *Impressions* of Mr. George Moore. Mr. Moore says his say at all times in a manner peculiarly his own; he is aggressive, dogmatic, interesting. In this particular instance he has said his say upon a number of exceedingly fascinating subjects. Balzac, Paul Verlaine, Ibsen, and the Théâtre Libre—here are four subjects which at once arouse the keenest interest. I wish much that space permitted me to say all that I should like to say about Mr. George Moore's volume. But space does not permit me, and I can only record, baldly enough, that I agree with much, and disagree with more, of what he has written on the four subjects which, of all the subjects on which he has touched, appeal most nearly to me. There was a time when I thought I knew my Balzac as well as he could be known, when I lived perpetually in the companionship of people of the Human Comedy, and schemed an exhaustive analysis of the whole fifty volumes. I should like to go over his study of Balzac point by point. As it is, there is only one point which I have to make. Either Mr. Moore's knowledge of French *argôt* is curiously less than his knowledge of ordinary French, or he assumes, for some occult reason, a modest ignorance of slang when he says that he is puzzled by Balzac's description of the Chevalier de Valois, with his "*patte d'oie charactéristique et les marches du palais.*" "*Patte d'oie*," says Mr. Moore, "I always understood to be

the French equivalent for crowsfeet; it is impossible even to conjecture what he means by *les marches du palais.*" Surely Mr. Moore knows that *marches du palais* is a slang term for the furrows of the forehead?

I cannot discuss Verlaine here, much as I should like to do so, or say all I want to say about a Théâtre Libre. But I must at least express my thanks to Mr. Moore for some of the very few sensible words that I have seen in print since I read Lemaitre's article upon the subject of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Mr. Moore's words are the more timely, seeing that the great Ibsen Iliad has been newly stimulated by the performance of *Ghosts* at Mr. Grein's "Independent Theatre." A controversy which was animated over *The Doll's House* and sharp over *Rosmersholm* has become passionate, acrid, over *Ghosts*. Critic after critic has lifted up his voice to denounce, with no measured invective, first of all the crime of Ibsen in writing such a play, and next the crime of those who read, witness, and find interest in such a play. To this crime I must plead guilty. I have read *Ghosts* and found it interesting; I went to see *Ghosts* played, and found it more interesting still. It is a very terrible play, and it teaches a very terrible lesson—that old, old lesson of the sins of the fathers which the world is so slow to learn by heart. But it does not follow that, because a play is profoundly painful and teaches a painful lesson, it is therefore unworthy or unseemly. I can quite understand the attitude of those who only ask for amusement from any dramatic entertainment. They say, reasonably enough, that life is sufficiently melancholy, that the business of the drama is to divert them, to dissipate melancholy. To them the play is what the fairy tale is to the child, or the pipe of opium to the Chinese, a stimulus, a drug, a delightful delusion. This is a logical position enough, but it is not the position of all playgoers. There are some students of the drama who desire more from the stage than the conventional comedy or the conventional tragedy of a hackneyed muse. These find in the plays of Henrik Ibsen a reality, a humanity, an actuality, which deeply interests them. This reality, which is to be found in a lesser degree in the plays of Henri Becque and in a different degree—with all apologies to M. Zola—in the plays of Dumas the younger, is to

them—let us not say more attractive, but—no less attractive than the stereotyped forms of drama which at present hold the stage. Surely on the stage, if anywhere, a catholicity of taste should prevail; surely on the stage, if anywhere, a welcome should be extended to all forms of the dramatic art. Ibsen is a great force; he has to be recognised, he will have to be accepted. The very vehemence with which his antagonists lash themselves into fury over *Ghosts* is the most significant proof of the importance of Ibsen's influence. Surely it is unreasonable for some of our ablest critics to devote columns to assailing Ibsen and yet at the same time to label him as dull, incapable, unimportant. They do not perceive that the very fact that the production of his plays rouses in them such a "fierce indignation" is in itself one of the most significant proofs of the importance of the man and of the movement which he represents. Were he the mere unclean nonentity that they would fain have us believe that they believe him to be, it would not be worth their while, it would be worth no man's while, to make such a fuss about him.

I must say for my own poor part that the performance of *Ghosts*, so pluckily undertaken and so pluckily carried through by Mr. Grein, was an event of fuller significance for our stage than any of the recent important first night productions. What are these recent first night productions? First on the list comes Mr. Haddon Chambers's *The Idler*, at the St. James's Theatre. Next *Lady Barter*, by Mr. Coghlan, at the Princess's Theatre. Next *Lady Bountiful*, by Mr. Pinero, at the Garrick. Next *The Volcano*, by Mr. Lumley, at the Court. Next *Diamond Deane*, at the Vaudeville.

Here are five plays, four by authors of recognised ability, over no one of which could an artistic controversy, such as has been set going over *Ghosts*, be raised by any possibility. Three out of the five may be summarily dismissed. *Lady Barter* is a play which neither Mrs. Langtry's beauty nor Mrs. Langtry's conscientious earnestness could save. *The Volcano* is a play which neither Mrs. John Wood's well-handled humour nor Mr. Weedon Grossmith's dexterous caricature could save. *Diamond Deane* is a play which neither Miss Millward's art nor Mr. Thorne's ability could save. Each play starts with a good idea and promises well, each play comes